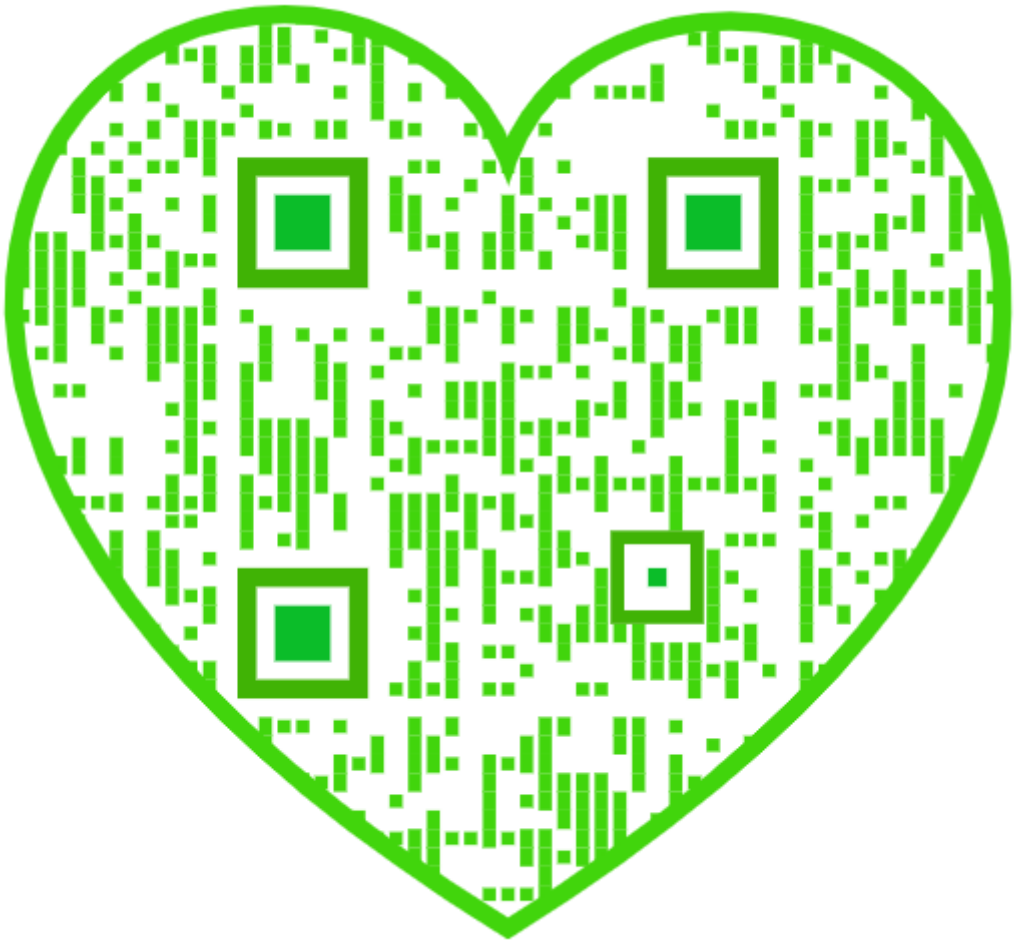

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

CONSISTING OF

## ESSAYS AND CRITIQUES

ON THE

## POLITICS, MORALS, MANNERS,

## DRAMA, &c.

OF THE PRESENT DAY.

"I SEE YOU!!!"

*LONDON:*

PRINTED FOR S. HIGHLEY, (SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE MR. JOHN MURRAY) NO. 24, FLEET-STREET.

1804.

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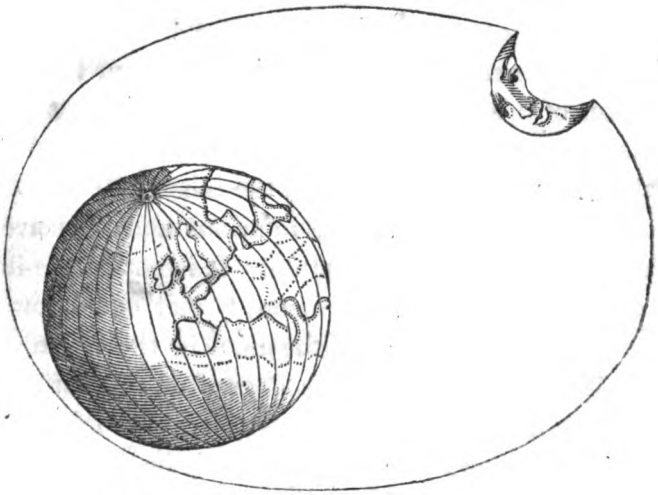
# ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is remarkable how many and various have been the conjectures respecting the papers entitled THE MAN IN THE MOON. It is, however, flatly denied that that august personage is the author of them, and numerous presumptions have arisen on the subject. The critics will, doubtless, well as they are acquainted with *style*, determine the question; that is, if they have not forgot the *old stile* in favour of the *new*, and if they cannot get over the stile, they unquestionably will be able to go some other *way* after the fact.

The Man in the Moon begs to premise, that he has little acquaintance in Great Britain; that he has not the honour of a personal knowledge of any of the Reviewers; that he has never been more than once or twice at Longman's Conversations, and that he must, therefore, since it has become his turn to be reviewed, trust altogether to the candour of the critics. He only desires that they may give *judgment* on his papers.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.



"I SEE YOU!!!"

NUMBER I. *Saturday, 12th Nov.* 1803.

*An Address to the Reader, in which the Editor will explain something of the Character of the Paper entitled "THE MAN IN THE MOON."*

IT is trusted, that when the world shall be made acquainted with the means by which the compiler of the paper entitled *The Man in the Moon* will be enabled from time to time to afford them the intelligence it is meant to convey, when they are informed, that it is the work of no hireling fag, nor disappointed grumbler; but that its information has been, and will be communicated by the aid of revelation, and written from the mouth of the ingenious inhabitant of the

moon himself, they will, no doubt, feel due veneration for its author.

It will be necessary, as a kind præludium to the character of this curious paper, to correct a frequent and familiar prejudice that exists in the minds of the inhabitants of the earth, against the inhabitant of the moon, and which is at once injurious and offensive to his powers, and discrimination. It is noticeable in the coarse and vulgar comparison, " that one knows " no more of a thing than the man in the moon :" how false and erroneous this degree of comparison must be, is evident, when one considers that from his high situation, and the having constantly his eyes, nose, and mouth, ready to see, smell, and taste, the natural and accidental provisions of the earth, he must necessarily be abundantly supplied with food for contemplation and satire, that at the phases, or changes, of the planet wherein he resides, he is always busy turning over some materials or other, and that he is never totally and altogether shut out from his studies, and contemplation with us, except in the time of a total eclipse, when, it is presumed, he has a holiday. It follows then, that he must review pretty often and attentively the actions of his undermentioned neighbours, and know more about them than they may think; in short, he is constantly paying them attention, and in this respect he must be allowed to show a true greatness of character, for he certainly does, contrary to the usual manners of the world, *take notice of those beneath him.*

How the Man in the Moon happened to consent to furnish the intelligences and opinions of this paper, named after him by his permission, will remain to be hereafter explained; let it suffice, for the present, to advertise the reader, that the Man in the Moon entertains no politics but what are for the happiness of society, nor any share of that monstrous philosophy that would separate pure religion from pure morality. He views with satisfaction every thought, every sentiment of good, spring from whence it may, whether it comes from the mouth of the Christian or the Bramin, the Mussulman or the Chinese, it is only the errors and absurdities of man that he would satirise. He constantly aims at some convenient mark, some selected object; he will keep a sharp look out upon folly, and fix his eye, as in the vignette, on the

*Omnia plena stultorum;*

but he will not wink at vice, nor corruption.

The Man in the Moon will therefore view the politics of the earth with moderation and good humour, (that is, with as much good humour and moderation as he can), though indeed, possessing the supernatural privileges he does from his high office, he can have little to dread, and in the opinion of any Attorney or Solicitor General living, must be considered as acting not at all within the meaning of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

Another peculiar degree of protection and advantage enjoyed by the Man in the Moon, is from his vast

experience, and knowledge, attained in a series of contemplations since the days of Moses, on the events and transactions of this globe, which instructs him to appreciate, not depreciate, the characters, manners, and actions of men, uninterrupted by partialities or prejudices, as he has little or no acquaintance upon earth, and is perfectly independant, and above *every thing that is mean.*

It may possibly be asked, What business the Man in the Moon has to make any of his observations upon us? Why he should have fixed his inquisitive eye upon this island, and what he can possibly have to find fault with in a country so enlightened, and where the morals are preserved by the precepts and examples of so many *great* and *wise* men, who are just at this nick of time employed for the benefit of their country? Where religion is unsullied by party, or political themes and disquisitions; where it is so very seldom disgraced by the familiar discourses of wretched and ignorant traders, who traffic their abominable nonsense for popularity, and prophane the temple with their absurdities; where the decencies of life are never called upon to yield to false and fantastic notions of pride, or fear; where one is not seen to tremble at the truth, and another to tremble at the having spoken it; where you do not observe an ingenious false philosophy, combating with childish strength, against ancient weakness; where the vibrations of public opinion cannot be said to resemble the wanderings of the needle in the mariner's compass, by returning, at last, to the

same favorite point of absurdity, as that does to the north pole; where the disease of *noli me tangere* is not known; where there is so very little corruption; where criticism is so pure and impartial; and where genius and taste is so much encouraged, because there is so much genius and taste.

Now the fact is, that whether the temper of the Man in the Moon has become soured by his long soliary position in that planet, without even a single opportunity for the *solus cum sola* he has so often witnessed below, or whether his disposition partakes of the melancholy temperament of the climate he dwells in, he certainly does entertain some material doubts respecting the wisdom, abilities, integrity, and honesty of vast numbers among us wise and enlightened people. Nay, he is even in the habit of thinking that the morals and manners of the age are far from pure, that some things are wrong, that there is now and then a little crooked policy, that we are apt to mistake the matter, that prejudice is the worst of tyrants, that aristocrats and democrats are fools of one and the same species, though of a different genus, who alike teize, torment, pester, and plague society with their wretched absurdities created out of selfish petty interests, to the annoyance of the public weal; that truth is still suffered to follow at a distance, offering his services, without being acknowledged and embraced.

It may be thought, nevertheless, by some versed in the science of optics, that from the situation of the

Man in the Moon, being, according to astronomers, placed at more than 24,000 miles from the earth, he can have but an imperfect vision of what is going on below, particularly in this island, owing to the almost impenetrable fog, which, in the months of October and November, covers it, as it were, with a wet napkin, from the impertinent gaze of any lunatic whatever; besides, that the atmosphere of the moon must occasion a sensible refraction of objects, without taking into consideration the optical inequality that must necessarily arise from the immense distance he preserves from us, we may therefore naturally enough conclude, without ever having read Father Echinard's Century of Problems in Optics, that he may be mistaken in some of the observations he may take. That he can but have a bird's eye view of our actions, and that a good deal of spleen may possibly be mixed with his remarks upon us, since, as he criticises the morals and manners of so *little* a place as *Great* Britain, he must make it a *point* to do so.

Whether the Man in the Moon does not sometimes wear spectacles; whether he does not, on grand review days, assist his vision by a telescope; whether he does not frequently use a *reading* glass, or apply a microscope when he wishes to look narrowly into matters; whether he was actually transported to the moon for gathering sticks on a Sunday; whether he is as fond of claret, as has been said by some eminent writers; whether he feeds upon powdered beef and carrots;

"Or does the Man in the Moon look big,
"And wear a huger periwig;
"Shew in his face, or gait, more tricks
"Than our native lunatics,"

are important questions, upon which the reader may possibly be satisfied in the next number, wherein we intend to introduce this extraordinary personage to his acquaintance, with the customary etiquette, Mr. Reader; Mr. Man in the Moon, Mr. Man in the Moon, Mr. Reader; after which, I believe, it is usual to be more open and communicative than any one, (acquainted with the nature of true politeness) can possibly be, even with the worthiest stranger, without being properly introduced.

The next Number promises also to be more explicit as to the qualifications and attributes of this new Critical Reviewer; and will describe, at large, the supernatural observations he is at the pains of taking aloft, to bring the true representation of objects below before him, that he may discover somewhat accurately the latitude and longitude of human actions, allowing for parallax, declination and refraction. Also, how he is able to pry so well into cabinets, and councils; to get into the inner chambers of families; how every thing is laid open to him, even the machinery of politics, the wheel within wheel, that by its movements dazzles and confounds the vulgar eye; how he can know when the work is imperfect; why it is dangerous to meddle with it; and why some, who have had the winding and regulating of the machine, should he

preferred doing it in a corner, and, as they thought, out of sight.

As far as the Editor is at present at liberty to speak of the Man in Moon, he believes, that in his observations and opinions of the events and occurrences of the earth, he will not, on any occasion, shut his eyes to the truth; and that if he tries to see clearly into any thing, it will be only to expose vice and folly.

The Man in the Moon is no anarchist, for he contemplates with constant admiration the order of the universe; he is no democrat, for he is above the common sphere; and he disclaims all aristocracy, except over the presumptions of impudence and ignorance.

In the Man of the Moon—Merit shall find a friend —Truth an advocate—Falsehood, an inspector-general—The great no foe, but to their follies—The guilty no enemy, but to their crimes—The poor a guardian —The unhappy a counsellor.

Charity he has; for he himself is not immaculate. Humanity he has; for he is but a man.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Z.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

" ECCE SIGNUM."

NUMBER II. *Wednesday, 16th Nov.* 1803.

*The Compiler's Account of his Birth and Parentage. The extraordinary Visit he receives from the Man in the Moon, with the Conversation that ensued.*

MY father was, as fate would have it, the well-known Editor of a certain morning print lately gone into oblivion; he was a tall thin man, of about five feet nine inches in height, with a large Roman nose, full black eyes, his face wrinkled, and pursed up into a malignant contortion of features happily expressive of chagrin and discontent, large thick lips, long black teeth, the right corner of the mouth drooping over its maxillary by the frequent action of the depressor anguli oris, with a remarkable oscillation of the head, resembling in its movements the action of a pendulum, which I rather imagine to have been the effect of intense study, though some ill-natured and censorious persons have gone so far as to alledge, that it was owing to his having, once in his life, run his head through the hole of a large wooden machine occasionally erected at Covent-garden or Charing-cross.

My mother, whose character also deserves some notice, was a little ill-favoured woman,

Hunch back'd, sharp nos'd, cross-ey'd, and lean,
The veriest vixen ever seen.

She was vastly fond of prerogative, and was skilled in argument. It used to be a constant maxim of my poor dear father's, "Son Jack, never marry a woman that understands logic." It frequently, upon reflection, astonishes me how my mother's system of government was upheld, for she was both despotic and mercenary, (though, doubtless, some great states have been supported by the same policy, if we may believe continental news). She would impose the heaviest burthens upon my poor father, and yet her smiles were to be bought at any time by a new cap, or a gown. It is true, my father sometimes rebelled, but then my mother kept up a military force, in the person of a tall, athletic serjeant of the guards, who lodged in the second floor.

Notwithstanding which, sometimes my father and mother were extremely fond, and I am said to be the hopeful offspring of their mutual affection.

"Suspiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ,
"Bellum, pax rursum, incerta hæc si postules."
*Terent. Eunuch. Act* 1. *Sc.* 1.

The quarrels, jealousies, and brawls of love,
Its truce, its war or peace, uncertain prove.

I was very much distinguished, when a boy, for the rapidity with which I took my learning, and for the archness and ill nature which I evinced in every little matter of controversy among my school-fellows. My figure, owing to some cross accidents in my birth, was

somewhat extraordinary; my head was remarkably large, resembling in shape an overgrown pumpkin; my right leg was considerably longer than my left; my eyes were placed (after my mother's fashion) diagonally in my forehead, and the rest of my features were half formed, and misplaced, like my father's, so that some people, not acquainted with the beautiful and sublime, might have called me ugly. My disposition was more retrograde than the action of my legs, which made the like angles in walking as may be noticed in the *pedatim* of a young volunteer practising the oblique march.

So early as the age of four years I began to have *les mauvaise habitudes;* I quarrelled with every body at the tea table for a lump of sugar, overturned the slop bason if contradicted, and made daily depredations in my mother's private closet for raspberry jam and cherry brandy; I constantly made it a point to do exactly contrary to what I was bid, began the alphabet with the letter Z, and learnt the Lord's prayer backwards.

I had so early a notion of liberty, that at eight years of age I dislodged the bar placed by my parents at the window for my personal safety, and fell headlong into the street; and when only nine, untied a mastiff in the yard, who not being sufficiently sensible of the blessings of freedom, had very nearly, and but for the interference of his master, torn me to pieces for my intended civility.

In addition to these pleasing traits of disposition, I had others which seemed to mark my future character more strongly: I had so little respect for the civil rights of persons, and the laws of property, that there was not an orchard within ten miles that I had not robbed, nor a farmer's yard where I had not committed a trespass; and as I conceived one person ought to live just as well as another, I never failed to put my fingers into the best filled dishes, was remarkably fond of a sop in the pan, and had a very early notion of the loaves and fishes.

It is amazing with what spirit I sustained the misfortunes of my youth; through all the lectures of my father and the buffetings of my mother I remained perfectly undaunted; the spirit of defiance kept me up; I sought for argument on every occasion, and found the greatest of all pleasures in contradiction, which last disposition, it is easy to suppose, I imbibed from the female part of my family. How beautifully blended in the child were the talents and qualifications of the parents, the *vis liberti* was engrafted in my character, and I preserved it inviolate to grow and expand for greater purposes.

I was, at fourteen years of age, bound an apprentice to a printer, which business, my father, whose foresight was very great, chose for me; and as I was the sharp keen boy that I have described, I improved beyond expectation; in short, my abilities were not suffered to lie dormant, I was taken into wonderful

favour, and was presently allowed to be the cleverest devil my master had; I was let into the arcana of the newspaper business, and the hidden mysteries of communication and intelligence; I was, 'tis true, a little staggered at first with letters from Hamburgh, murders from Dublin, and Yorkshire accidents, but these presently became familiar. I discovered that the newspapers contained a great deal of matter, and usually *one* article of truth—the list of bankrupts.

After my apprenticeship was expired, as my turn for invention and abuse were pretty generally known, I did not wait long for employ. I was engaged in one of the chief departments of the office, and was near being appointed a joint editor to a morning print, when I was stopt short in my career by a somewhat extraordinary adventure. I happened one evening to be left alone in the office adjoining the printing-loft, correcting the press of a new work, entitled, *Galvanic Experiments on the Human Mind,* by professor Humbug, by the help of which the famous archbishop of Grenada, in Gil Blas, might have given another fillip to his decayed mental powers that would have astonished the hearers of his homilies; when, in an instant, I beheld seated on the stool opposite to me, on the other side of the desk, the figure of a little old man, leaning forwards upon a crutch stick, a huge periwig upon his head, and a bundle of faggots on his back. Had I not been used to the marvellous, I should doubtless have leapt out of the window with fright; but I had dealt so long in fiction, that I could not

readily conceive the reality of an apparition, and was combating with the powers of the imagination, when my unexpected visitor, with a smile upon his countenance, addressed me very familiarly, "How d'ye do, Master Printer?" To which interrogatory I had not the power to answer a syllable. I hope (continued he, after a pause) that you are not frightened. Not at all, replied I, (shaking every limb); not in the least, sir. The Old Gentleman had by this time shoved his stool to the side of the stove, next mine, resting his hands upon his knees with great gravity, in the attitude of a judge on the bench at the assizes, looking me full in the face. Pray, sir, cried I, in a tremulous tone, may I take the liberty to ask how you came in here, and who you are? I came in, answered he, through the hole in the window-shutter, and I am that extraordinay personage called or known by the inhabitants of the earth by the name of the MAN IN THE MOON.

The reader may judge my astonishment. THE MAN IN THE MOON, repeated I, surveying him more attentively, and at the same time mustering up my courage to pay him *les hommages respectueux*, I managed to hand him a chair, which stood in a corner of the office for the accommodation of authors to read over their proofs, and making a profound bow, resumed my seat on the high stool.

And pray, sir, (said I), may I ask to what extraordinary circumstance I am indebted for the honour of

this visit? A matter of business (replied he). It is my design to publish with you; do you think my works will sell? No man upon earth, sir, (replied I), has reason to expect greater success than—The Man in the Moon.

I was so much enraptured with the idea of retaining so novel an author, that numberless ideas of profit and advantage rushed at once upon my mind. Doubtless, sir, (cried I), you will touch upon politics, classics, morality, inebriety, cookery, paper credit, galvanism, the acts of parliament, children's books, the philosophy of banking, or the experiments of omnium. Hold! for heaven's sake! (cried the Old Gentleman); what variety of employment! but if we are to do business together, you will, if you please, leave me to the choice of my subjects. I have already brought you some manuscript; but as I can only pay you a visit in the time of an eclipse, or steal half an hour's absence now and then, as at present, I shall contrive to send you the copy by one of the moon-beams, in the same way as boys convey a messenger to a kite, and which will be transmitted to you through the same aperture in the window-shutter which gave me admission. I could not help admiring the facility of this communication, and begged that my new correspondent would on no account delay the press. The Old Gentleman now rose to take his leave, when he hinted, that the chief motive of his publishing the papers to be called after his name, was from a tradition that the spell, by which he had been so long confined in the moon, would end at the time

when the manners of men should become so chaste and pure, as to exclude from among them malice, hatred, revenge, lust, and avarice, with the necessity of imprisonment and war, the approach of which millennium he hoped to be the means of hastening by his opinions and reflections upon good and evil. I could not, however, help shrugging up my shoulders at so chimerical an undertaking, and seized the first opportunity to ask him a few general questions; such as what he thought of Cobbett's Register? of the Income Bill? of little Byrne's Hornpipe? and of Buonaparte's Invasion? to which last question he only replied with a smile, and in the words of Lucan,

> "Impiger et fortis virtute coacta."
> By a forced valour, resolute and brave.

After a promise to supply me regularly with copy, the Old Gentleman shook hands with me, and I observed his form gradually diminish to about the size of a marmozet monkey, when seating himself across a beam of the moon, he was presently drawn up to the hole in the window-shutter, at the circle of which he stopt an instant to wish me a good night, and then took his leave, while I sat down to read over the manuscript he had left; the contents of which will be given to the reader in the next Number. Z.

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ERRATUM.—No. I. p. 5, l. 9, for *soliary* read *solitary*.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

" O quantum est in rebus inane !"
When will worldlings judge rightly of things !

NUMBER III. *Saturday, 19th Nov.* 1803.

*The Compiler peruses the Manuscript left by the Man in the Moon, in which he finds a supernatural Account of his own Birth, and the Doctrine of good and evil Spirits established, with their Influences on certain sublunary Movements now going on.*

I WAS no sooner left alone than I felt curiosity, a leading feature in the character of all men, but more particularly in a collector of news, begin to operate. I disposed of a pinch of snuff, which was between the fore finger and thumb of my right hand with astonishing celerity into the left receptacle of my nose, and after snuffing the candles in great literary agitation, untied the manuscript, and read as follows:

" TO THE EDITOR,

" SIR,

" IT may be expected that I should give my readers some account of my situation, and office in the Moon, with a prospectus of my plan. On the first subject I am forbid to be very explicit at present, all that I can say is, that having little other occupation, I em-

ploy my time in perusing the actions, (that is) the blunders, exploits, follies, mistakes, and mischances of busy and impertinent man, which I am enabled to do to advantage, by means of a perfection of vision peculiar to an inhabitant of the moon, and which is so far exceeding the optics of any creature of the earth, and of your modern aeronauts, that there is not the smallest danger of my taking a forest for a gooseberry bush.

" I am enabled likewise, by this clearness of vision, to see things in the dark, and to penetrate into the most concealed places with the facility of a moonbeam, you must doubtless imagine that I am often amused with the blindman's buff going on below me among great politicians, philosophers, and men of business, and frequently smile at their running their wrong heads one against the other. What adds to the entertainment is, my acquaintance with the invisible movers of these performers, who dance them about like puppets, just as they please; but of this more hereafter. I shall now offer to you the plan of my lunar observations: they will be taken upon the greater and lesser circles of the sphere, upon religion, morals, and the occurrences of the political world; they will include at times critiques on the works of literature, the productions of the drama, and the merits of actors, but they shall never be offensive to the feelings of any, or wantonly severe. I am too well acquainted with the infirmities of human beings, and with the havoc self-interest, pride, and vanity make

among society, for, situated as I am, the region between the earth and moon is open to my contemplation, and I have opportunities of discoursing (and indeed am personally acquainted) with those innumerable invisible agents who are the friends or enemies of man.

" Asmodeus, the most ingenious of the devils, has already in part laid open, in his correspondence with the facetious Don Cleofas Perez de Zambullo, the secret influence of those potent contrivers, who tempt and perplex poor human beings into error. Each department has a chief, as described by the *Diable Boiteux;* they are always busy, and never neglect an opportunity to do mischief. I am enabled by this knowledge to tell you, that it is to Astorath, the famous political devil, you owe the happy facility you possess of invention and intrigue. It was that demon who watched over the pregnancy of your mother, and attended her delivery, when, observing you to be a little ugly infant, (you will pardon my sincerity) he instantly claimed you as his own, a fit subject of experiment, and seating himself one night in November upon a heavy black cloud, that hung over the chimney of your house of nativity, he dexterously mixt up the ingredients which he meant to transfuse into your mind; genius, malice, envy, spleen, the love of mischief, and of licentious liberty made up the hotch potch, and I am sure you must admit that it was the devil of a composition; he was so adroit, that the good spirit (who, by the by, your mother had frightened away with

scolding at her nurse) came too late to your assistance, and had only time to throw in a single virtue, INTREPIDITY, which answered the devil's purpose better than if it had been left out.

"You will, doubtless, wonder why of all people I have picked you out as the publisher of my opinions; the reason however is obvious; it is to bring good out of evil."

At this line, I found the end of my nose turn itself up with a sort of galvanic twitch, and discovered, by a broken glass before me, that I "grinned horribly a ghastly smile."

"It is my design to soften the asperities of your nature, and to neutralize the acidities of your disposition, in short, to *lay the devil.*"

At this I laid down the manuscript, and took a pinch of snuff.

"I know that I shall be blamed by many of my acquaintance for endeavouring to make them better and happier than they are; however, the promise of my liberty is paramount to every other consideration, and, after all, I have a regard for my fellow creatures, and am out of the power of any evil spirit to do me harm. May the SPIRIT OF TRUTH, which emanates from the supreme fountain of goodness, more or less, into the mind of man, which is ever the same, and though sometimes

annoyed and disturbed, convinces, survives, and overcomes, that constitutes the understanding of the wise man, is the common sense of the unlearned, and disowned only by the hardened fool, spread its pure intelligence into all bosoms, that every one may be filled with the full glory of reason, and feel and acknowledge its benign influence and almighty power.

"It is this SRIRIT OF TRUTH which maintains a country, that resides in the characters of the rulers and the governed, when they have good will towards each other; that makes them consistent in virtue and honesty; that branches out into the spirit of the laws, and constitutes the best and surest defence in danger, THE INDEPENDENT SPIRIT OF A NATION.

"The mighty Leviathan, and Belphegor, demons of the first order, are now at work; they animate the breast of an ambitious man to acts of outrage, but let the SPIRIT OF TRUTH oppose them, and they disappear.

"It is then with *good spirits* that Englishmen must meet the foe; the brave unequalled SPIRIT of her tars will do wonders, and the SPIRIT of the soldiery move whole columns of associated hearts in the defence of their country, for PARTY SPIRIT is laid, and the spirit of unanimity *must* CONQUER.

"One thing is, however, of most weighty consideration to Englishmen at the present moment, and that

is, that ALL the talent as well as the valour of the country should be engaged in her service; the discriminating eye of administration should search into every corner of the kingdom for merit *unemployed*. I see neglected numerous officers of the line, who have seen service, walking the streets at leisure, or ruminating at their country cottages, on the danger of the country. It is not numbers alone that can succeed against a daring foe, it must, to apply a term used in law, be *number* and *value*. It is not an association of brave minds and bodies in the cause, talents must instruct, and experience direct the movements of an army, the veteran must aid the volunteer, and good officers lead good men to victory.

" Whether a country be at peace or at war, it is a *carmen necessarium* for politicians to engage and employ the merit best suited to the particular situation of things. In peace, acute financiers; in war, the strength of naval and military talent; in tumult, men of high civil authority and great good private character, aided by the militia, should be called forth to curb licentiousness, and to dismay the enterprize of the insurgents. In all cases the strength of talent is most invulnerable; the strength of valour is rashness without it, and often of no avail.

" Wherever I direct my eye upon the movement and measures of the men engaged in the great administration of affairs, I discover the *best intentions*; from whence then can proceed the neglect so appa-

rent, and so inimical to the interests of the country? Is it from the difficulty occasioned by the punctilios of service, which frequently, when rank is bestowed, puts the meritorious officer who arrives to it, as it is called, upon the shelf; and the same man whose services would have been esteemed as a major-general is lost to the country, only because he has arrived to the rank of a lieutenant-general, and cannot be engaged in the brilliant career of military glory, because he cannot, with propriety, have any other than a chief command. Surely this is a bad organization, and some way might be found to distribute all the merit of the line among the forces of the kingdom that might not be derogatory to military ettiquette, if that paltry non-efficient word must govern in the field of battle, as in a dancing-master's ball-room.

"In addition to the above reasoning may be urged, the accession of discipline and professional courage that would disseminate through the volunteer ranks; they would admire and become intimate with that regular and mechanical courage, (if I may so call it) which goes as regularly and composedly to fight, as a workman to his daily labour, and which is the effect of military education and of habit.

"The French know the courage of the British, and they know that all they have to trust to against so brave a nation, is the ingenuity of talent, the successfulness of intrigue, and the discipline of soldiers accustomed to the field. Eustace de St. Pierre, in the

English Dramatist, (Colman junior's play of the *Surrender of Calais,)* defines the sentiment of the French on this subject:

> " I like these English, they are a noble and a down-right foe, who when we spin our subtle webs of state, come to our doors and pull the work to pieces."

" Let then the talent of the country be recruited from all points where it is hid in obscurity, that it may brighten with its clear enlivening flame the mind of valour.

" The Man in the Moon joins most fervently in the prayer, that England may repulse the rash invader; and that, notwithstanding the arrogant boasts and threats of the enemy, hopes that he shall, according to good old custom, again regale his olfactory nerves, at the approaching Christmas, with the usual fragrant exhalations of roast beef and plumb pudding ascending from the tables of the undisturbed and cheerful families, who love not ambition, and respect not conquerors, that he may be able to say, not only " I see you," according to his motto, but " I see you, and am glad to see you so happy."

Z.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

" RERUM MISTURA."

NUMBER IV. *Wednesday, 23d Nov.* 1803.

ON last Saturday evening I observed, from my *visible* in the Moon, an extremely full house at Drury-lane Theatre; it was the representation of a new play, when being by right of my office, and without any favour from managers, on the free list, I witnessed, through the aperture occasioned by raising a ventilator, the whole of the performance. The Piece was called, or rather miscalled, " *Hearts of Oak*," for, like Bayes's Epilogue, it would have suited any other play just as well. It is my duty, as a critic, to point out the faults which have blurred and deformed a good dramatic sketch, and by shewing what a Comedy ought to be, appreciate the value of the present attempt of Mr. Allingham, and show how far it falls short.

Comedy is a happy combination of design, character, manners, unities, and incidents, assisted by passion, expression, the sentiment of the heart, wit, whim, repartee, vivacity, peculiarity, and humour; and these should never be at variance with nature or

probability; a perfect plot is that which contains moral, instruction, variety, humour, and novelty, neither too simple or too complex; it should ridicule folly, degrade vice, aid the cause of virtue, and publish no defects or infirmities but such as subtract from morality. The unities, that is, the agreement of time and place, should be so well preserved, that an audience may become wrapt up in the scene, and lose sight of its being mere representation. Let me then examine and detect the defects of a play, by no means a bad one, and decompose the materials of which it is formed. We find, in the first place, a meagre and indeed improbable story for a plot; a fond husband, on the bare suspicion excited in his mind by seeing his wife embrace a stranger, without ever making enquiries into her conduct, flies from her; for seventeen years leaving her child, which he contrives to get from her, in the care of a friend. To effect a meeting between these unhappy parties a progression of interest is certainly attended to, but that progression is frequently broken in upon by the lame incidents of a weak under-plot, which take considerably from the developement of character, and the climax of the drama.

The other materials, with which this Author has chosen to build his play, that is, his characters, are worthy notice; he has enlisted a countryman, a country girl, a good-natured choleric old man, an honest Irishman (for to make an Irishman a rogue would be perfectly undramatic), a little busy impertinent Moorfields broker, a lover disguised as a music master, a

young lady with much goodness and too much levity, and a wife sinking under the misfortune of having lost a husband, without the smallest clue to unravel the mystery of his absence. It seems to be the notion of modern authors, that if they can but give a character a different condition, that is, turn Dr. Pangloss into a parish clerk and undertaker, or into a little Moorfields broker, that they have hit on a new character; and thus, perhaps, to oblige a performer in what he calls his line, an author takes measure, and fits him after a fashion that makes him known at first sight to the town. It will not displease an author of talent to be told these faults; he will feel, from the happy facility true genius possesses of arriving at truth, the force of my observations; instead of chusing the subjects of a great master, he will then paint from nature; he will delineate new characters, and not servilely imitate the situations of another because they have happened to please the public; he will not introduce a fandango in his play only because Mr. Colman had one in his, nor enlist an Irishman merely to utter groans, and make bulls without any novelty of character, or interest in the piece. The public, authors, and performers, seem agreed to compound good sense, and furnish, by reciprocity of contract, stale commodities at a cheap rate of praise; but the Man in the Moon remembers when players had not only to study parts, but to arrive in that study at the truth of the character given them, instead of authors having to fit the capabilities of the actor; how much better it was for the public, long experience has shown.

These observations are not irrelative, they, perhaps, determine the rights and properties of a regular drama, and the independence of authorship: indeed it is a reflection upon the genius of our actors, that they do not rather desire authors not to write *for them*, as it is called, but take the allotment of the author or manager in the Green-room, subject to what they may feel of the part offered them; at any rate the author should be unshackled, it is with the performer to reject a part he cannot give life to. I feel that I ought not to pass over the inimitable acting of Dowton, in the character of Ardent; the admixture of impetuosity, feeling, testiness, and kindness was admirably conceived, and the workings of his mind were so naturally expressed in the scene where he brings the husband and wife together, that they were probably understood and felt by the whole audience. It must doubtless be ungrateful to an author to hear detailed the demerits of his piece: few would even have the patience to answer the interrogatories once offered to Macklin—that author was behind the scenes one night, when a gentleman, in the course of conversation, suggested to him a subject which he thought would do extremely well dramatised; to which he received an answer, "It has been done, sir."—"Done, sir!"—"Yes, sir,"—"How long ago, pray, sir?"—"Five years."—"And how did it succeed?"—"It was damned, sir."—And pray, sir, whose was it?"—"It was mine, sir, and be d—n'd to ye."

I have just been favoured with the following very

curious letter, which, as it may afford some hints to the *managers* of affairs, I have given to my readers.

*Dated Ironmonger Lane, Nov. 9th,* 1803.

" MR. MAN IN THE MOON,

" Being satisfied that you are a man of observation, and disposed to listen to the just complaints of the injured, I offer my memorial of the service in which I have been engaged many years for my country. You will recollect, in your last Number, that you mentioned the unpardonable neglect of those who have the conducting of public affairs, in not employing the efficient strength of the regulars, who may certainly with considerable justice be called the Army of *Reserve;* for numbers of them have nothing to do at present. I own that I do not see why *we* regular forces should be reduced to give place to the Volunteer Gentlemen, for whom, nevertheless, I have great respect; yet they certainly have not seen, or been exposed to the hardships that I have been, or sustained the fatigue that I have. I think that I ought not to be, as you call it, laid on the shelf. My atchievements are well known to the public, and about a twelvemonth ago I was called out into actual service, but am now reduced again, and without even half pay. I have the vanity to think that I might be a great defence to the City of London in the hour of danger, and I should have no objection to meet Buonoparte on his great war horse, if he gets as far as Temple-bar. I beg you will state my grievances, and desire of employ, in any way you please. I am sure

you are a man of feeling, and a man who understands these matters.

I am, therefore, MR. MAN IN THE MOON,

Yours most respectfully,

*Guildhall, City.* THE MAN IN ARMOUR."

I cannot help thinking but that my friend, the MAN IN ARMOUR, has just and *heavy* cause of complaint; I have often noticed his attention to his duty when employed, and advise that he shall be permitted to offer a personal challenge to the proud and troublesome Corsican, which might be worded after the following manner:

"MOST RENOWNED KNIGHT OF THE FRANTIC ORDER,

"Hearing that it is your most puissant determination to visit these shores, I invite you so to do, and that you may present yourself on the west-side of Temple-bar on the first day of the next month, at the hour of twelve, and announce your arrival with a bugle horn, to be blown by a dwarf, when the gate will be opened, and you will find me in readiness to throw the gauntlet. I shall be in complete armour, you will, doubtless, be the same, and I expect when you get so far that your *vizor* shall be down. I swear by the spurs of the renowned knight St. George of England, that I will not fail. (Signed)

THE MAN IN ARMOUR."

*The Lord Mayor's Court, Nov.* 19*th*, 1803.

I have lately discovered a philosopher, with a telescope, making experiments, the better to ascertain

my physiognomy; and a fair lady has favoured me with the following epistle:—

"MR. MAN IN THE MOON,

"I have not slept since the publication of your paper; for I am, you must know, dying with curiosity to see you; I imagine to myself your droll visage, until I fall into successive fits of laughter, and would give any thing to find you popping your head through the hole of the window-shutter in my chamber. I have, I assure you, a hundred questions to ask:—Pray, are you a married man?—are there any little men in the moon?—was you taken to the moon for gathering sticks on a Sunday?—do you mean to notice us women in your observations, or to *overlook* our faults?—are lovers governed by the influence of the moon, and is the changeableness of our sex to be attributed, as it is said, to her inconstancy?—does she govern the wonderful changes of fashion, and rule the taste of Madame Lanchester?—has the moon any thing to do with Buonaparte, with the changes of administration, with Sir Francis B——, the Mameluke, or Mr. W——n? You have no idea how delighted I should be to have all these, and ten thousand more questions answered; but I will send you a list of curious items, against which you can write the answers. You will observe, by my name, that I am a distant relation of yours, and I shall, I am sure, be very happy to see you, whenever you have an opportunity.

I am, MR. MAN IN THE MOON,

Yours, most sincerely,

CYNTHIA."

*Half-Moon Street, Piccadilly, Nov. 19th,* 1803.

Letters have just reached the moon, which bring intelligence that Buonaparte has changed his determination of visiting England in gun-boats, being much too unwieldy machines; and that he has invented a species of canoe, by which he can paddle across the channel with great ease, or, in case there may be a brisk breeze, sail along under a reefed damask napkin, at the rate of seven knots an hour; they are so contrived, as not to overset without drowning the passengers, that they may not be taken prisoners. The model has been shewn to the members of the National Institute, and *unanimously* approved.

Nothing can shew the extent of genius of the great Consul more than these inventions. I would, however, advise him to take care of himself when he is *about half seas over.* It is not the *plaster of Paris* that can make him invulnerable.

Z.

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ERRATUM.—No. I. p. 6, l. 2, for 24,000 read 240,000.

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*The Man in the Moon is much obliged to Ferguson's Ghost for his notice of a press error.*

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

"LOQUENTIA."

NUMBER V. *Saturday, 26th Nov.* 1803.

"MR. MAN IN THE MOON,

THE want of encouragement so much experienced by true genius has occasioned me to make this application to you, since I have reason to hope that you have already noticed my labour; and that you will become my patron. You may easily judge, Sir, that in this automaton age, any improvement in speaking figures will be a desideratum; but what I am about to offer to the public far exceeds any thing of the kind yet attempted, and may be truly valuable to gentlemen who are just met to talk over affairs. I know that you are a good mechanic, and therefore I will proceed to describe my invention to you, for which I certainly intend to solicit a patent. You have doubtless, Sir, heard of the great difficulty of many public speakers to articulate more than the monosyllables Aye and No. Well, Sir, that difficulty is at an end, they may talk away like so many cockatoos. My invention, Sir, is—a *Pocketloquist*, a little ingenious morsel of mechanism, which possesses such wonderful powers and

capabilities that it will actually speak for half an hour at a time without stopping, that is, if properly wound up, just the same as a barrel organ plays a variety of tunes. It is so small, that a gentleman may carry it conveniently in his pocket, or conceal it in his handkerchief, and is of so curious a construction that the slightest pressure of the hand will raise or depress its tone, and by a proper fingering it will speak on any side, or to any tune. The use of it may be learnt in half an hour, but the proper manner of applying it to use must be well recollected; for instance, if a young member wishes to speak on the Treasury side, he must put it in the right pocket, if in the Opposition, in the left; if perfectly independent he must not have to do with any pocket at all. You see that with this contrivance gentlemen need not be at the trouble of turning their coats, it is merely done by putting their hands in their pockets. If a candidate wishes to try it at an election, he has nothing to do but to carry the pocketloquist with him to the hustings, and set it to the tune of Liberty, Freedom of the Press, Habeas Corpus, No Taxes, Constitution, &c. when I am certain that my little automaton will carry the poll, and the member may then (as is often the case) truly say, that it was all out of his own pocket.

"Another great advantage of the pocketloquist is, that owing to a judicious combination of the words, the speeches will not appear at all studied, and may be fashioned after any stile, the simple, the florid, or the obscure.

"The pocketloquist will, by its mechanism, *fit* any subject, and the sense may be put together with as much facility as the parts of one of Newberry's maps for children; now it is not so very easy to put the *sense* of some of our modern fine speeches together without making them *nonsense*.

"I understand that there are some people who chuse to say that the pocketloquist is not by any means a new invention; that it has been used before to great advantage, and in great places; that it is made of metal; that it works by a golden key; that it is known to the lawyers in Westminster-hall; that it is a pick lock; that it has been successfully applied by pick-pockets, and has often been used to rob the public. I believe that I am as well acquainted with the weight of metal as any body, and am ready to admit that some orators may have been put in motion *for* or *against*, by a secret spring, or by a something that might have given them the word, in the same way as the show-man speaks for Punch, in that ingenious comic representation to be witnessed any day in the streets, and from which I am free to confess I took the hint of my pocketloquist; but in my invention the proposition is reversed, for the articulation is not conveyed to my little figure, but my little figure speaks for those who have not a word to say for themselves, or a word to spare; for instance, we will for a moment suppose that there will be, next Friday, a great debate on the motion of Mr. Simpkins; now Mr. Tomkins is in prodigious anxiety to prepare a brilliant speech on the

other side the question. Well, Sir, Mr. Tomkins has nothing to do but to sit down and compose the subject matter, by placing together the following or any other high sounding words; virtue, reform, public credit, one pound notes, patriotism, nothing, something, stocks, omnium, &c. &c. and the machine will work of itself, to the admiration of the whole house, who will call out, Hear him! Hear him! while the newspaper reporters shall be carefully writing down the jargon of my clever little political puppet.

" The use of the pocketloquist in Westminster-hall must be obvious, and would certainly prevent many little unlucky accidents that sometimes occur; such as the one which happened only a short time ago:— An Irish barrister of eminence, who was retained for the *plaintiff*, came, after he had been drinking his two bottles of wine, in a great hurry into court, and snatching up his brief, began to plead with great vehemence for the *defendant*, and went on in a fine strain of argument until he began to get sober, when he discovered his mistake; but nothing can disturb the assurance, or equal the ingenuity of the law. The barrister, with great address, continued without hesitation; " Now, gemmen of the jury, I believe that I have said every thing that can be said by my learned brother, for the defendant, which I have done as well to save my learned brother's time, as to shew you how easily those arguments may be refuted." The whole court were astonished at the admirable easy presumption of the barrister, who went on *disproving* all that he

had *proved*, until he had established his client's case: the counsel for the defendant had not a word *left* to say, and the counsel for the plaintiff gained his cause. I presume, Sir, you will now discover the considerable advantage of my little automaton over any accidental orator; as a counsel would have nothing in the world to do but to recollect which pocket his case may be in, and set it to work accordingly.

"Players would also find my invention of great use, as they might set their parts to the proper cues, and not have occasion to *take every thing from the side*, which must certainly be attended with trouble to themselves and to the prompter. It will also be serviceable to the president of a public company, who will have only to set a sufficient number of toasts, sentiments, good things, and puns, such as are heard in good company; this may be done with great ease by the help of a Joe Milleriana.

"There can be no doubt of its use among the military in giving the word of command, as my little field officer always speaks in a high tone, and don't stammer.

"I shall conclude by observing, that I have described and ascertained the nature of my invention freely to you, as to a man who will not infringe upon my patent, but who will assist it with the public, as the specification is neither false nor defective: at any rate,

I think it deserves a trial. A word to the wise is enough, though that doctrine would destroy many a fine orator, and ruin the sale of my little public speaker, whom I wish to speak to some purpose, and to be paid for speaking, otherwise his argument would amount to nothing, which I believe is always the case where nothing is to be gained.

"Trusting, Sir, that you will, through the medium of your paper, recommend the pocketloquist to the public as an ingenious and useful invention,

I am, with great respect,
Your most obedient humble servant,

PETER PARROT."

*Magpie Alley, Moorfields.*

With respect to the pocketloquist, I think *the thing speaks for itself.*

Since the letter I received from the MAN IN ARMOUR, I have been favoured with a communication from the MAN AT THE MAST HEAD, which I shall give to my readers in my next Number.

I have also received numerous cards of invitation to routs, French dinners, *petit soupers*, cards and balls. The great Mameluke cannot be more a subject of curiosity than I find myself to be with the town: the following are two of the modish cards that I have received.

" Lady Moonshine's compliments, will be at home in the evening to the Man in the Moon. Tea and cards."

*Park Lane, Nov. 21st,* 1823.

" Miss Puckersleeve's compliments, requests the favour of the Man in the Moon's company on Friday night, to her Bal Masquè."

*Portman Square, Nov. 21st,* 1803.

I don't think that I can go to either.

The Man in the Moon is not, however, adverse to the recreations of the fashionable world, which he considers to have been much improved within two or three years past; professed gambling at the houses of distinguished ladies has decreased, and dramatic performances, music, readings, &c. often constitute the entertainments of the evening; these may be managed so as to afford mental satisfaction, and the good old sentiment, " May the pleasures of the evening bear the morning's reflection," be exemplified. The *petit soupers* of refined and elegant people are delectable treats of conversation more than of viands, and wit, chaste repartee, and good humoured mirth constitute the choice repast of the evening. Yet even these should be managed with economy, or the donor may suffer private anguish in the midst of public entertainment, and feel all the misery extravagance purchases, as the price of ill-judged pleasure.

All that is wanted, is that the ranks of society may cease to measure, in the scale of contempt, the inabilities of each other, that they may accept from friends of moderate fortunes, who have merit and taste, an economy of table, infinitely more grateful than all the luxuries of food and wine, where merit and taste is not.

It might reasonably be expected that, if any people ought to know the best means of being happy, and of enjoying life, it should be those whose education and circumstances set them above the prejudices and necessities that so much hurt the manners of the lower orders; and it would be so, if the great did not, as it were, invent plagues, and cares, totally abstracted from their condition, as if purposely to assist in equalizing the dispensations of Providence, and to make themselves common sharers of anxiety with the rest of mankind.

Z.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

"SPERANDUS."
To be hoped for.

NUMBER VI. *Wednesday, 30th Nov.* 1803.

IT would be for the happiness of man if he could be once engaged to a fair and honest consideration of those differences of opinion in religious matters, which have for so many ages disturbed and dismembered society, and nourished the poisonous scions of hatred sprung up with prejudice and error. And yet nothing appears to be more easy among the truly good, than to determine what is pure religion; they will have little else to do than to examine its analogy with nature, and reason, and that affected difference of opinion, which has so long shaken and destroyed the happiness of society, would be made to yield to certain and fixed principles of truth, on which none could differ, and an universal assent give peace to the world. The modes of faith would then be no more than different ways of giving praise to God, and of promoting his grand design, the happiness of his creatures.

I confess that when I see the Protestant in his church, the Roman Catholic in his chapel, or the

Bramin in his mosque, all addressing the same deity, I feel love and respect for each, and venerate the duty they are engaged in, without any comparisons whatever; and I believe, that if the different religions of the universe were fairly appreciated, few or none would be found that do not contain large portions of good for the happiness of man. They all possess a sovereign power over his mind, and he acts under a delightful impression that connects him with the deity and a future state, things agreeable to his nature, and that make him cheerful, and satisfied under the misfortunes of life.

To a truly philosophical mind it is by no means a vain hypothesis, that the soul is an emanation of the divine nature; since it does appear, when abstracted from worldly pursuits, to contain a great share of purity. The mind of man is not then, perhaps, what the great Mr. Locke has conceived it to be, a mere tabula rasa, a blank sheet; but rather a space occupied by the divine essence, and which contains the attributes of the divinity love and truth. Hence, perhaps, our lively impression of a deity, which is the effect of outward perception acting on a predisposition to receive what is true. The attributes of the deity, engraven as the characters of a talisman on the mind of man, may then be gradually called forth from childhood by a proper education, which may encourage the predisposition to good, or it may become injured and defaced by improper education, bad examples, or habitual vice. Another strong argument

in favour of this doctrine is, that the principle of good appears primary, and agreeable to the nature of man, and the principle of evil, negative and contrary; for the mind ever receives a bad impulse unwillingly, and merely consents, a sufficient proof surely that evil is not congenial to the mind of man. On the contrary, a good impulse is entertained without reluctance, we do not blush or hesitate, and we feel that it is right. The principle of good also frequently exerts itself in the most depraved minds, and struggles for its lawful sovereignty, and, perhaps, gains it for an instant, until its activity is again destroyed by fresh temptations, or the habits of vice.

The pure and sublime conceptions to which the human mind reaches at times, when abstracted from the business of the world, or engaged in contemplation, is a proof of the existence of a creator; when the mind becomes thus pure, it seems to mix with the nature of the deity, and evil retires altogether, as if unable to exist in so pure a state of the mind; it is then that man feels that he is immortal.

The principle of truth fills and pervades the universe; it governs and directs the movements of nature; it has given instinct to the animal creation; it instructs men in the shape of reason, and flows still more plenteously into his mind through the medium of religion. In nature it displays itself in the symmetry and harmony of her works; in man, in the harmony of his mind, and wherever one or the other is

disturbed, a shock is felt in the organization, which it appears to be the great business of providence to restore and replace.

The principle of truth is so valuable and benign in its nature to man, that were it possible for him to regulate his actions by it, moral and physical evil would almost become extinct. This from the weakness of his nature cannot happen. The principle of truth might however become more known and established in the world, and moral and physical evil would decrease in an equal ratio. If men were better agreed in the business of their own happiness, ambition would have nothing to do, blood would be no longer spilt in war, man would not oppose his brother man in the ranks of slaughter, and the invading foe, in disgust with their leader, would lay down their arms and present the olive branch. The family of the commonwealth would enjoy itself, the poor would have their comforts, and the rich cherish the substantial blessings of life, morals would guard the actions of men better than laws, adultery, drunkenness, profaneness and fraud would be forsook, and to do unto another as you would wish he should do unto you, become the wisdom of the world.

It is then from the want of fixed principles that we are wretched, nor is there any thing that can temper the mind like religion; since the proposition is self evident, that whatever tends to the happiness of man is good, and that therefore if religion, by its pre-

cepts, engages the heart to acts of love and virtue, it must tend to the happiness of man, and is of the highest value to him; and that religion is the best which is best suited to calm the passions, and to make those impressions that serve to establish right principles.

It appears plain enough to a candid mind, that all religions are derived from the same grand principle of good, and are all engaged in the same cause—the glory of their creator, and the happiness of man. Why then shall trifling differences of form dissever beautiful analogies, which might reciprocally tend to the happiness of all in the intercourse of men and of nations.

But a still more dangerous attempt has been made against religion than the warfare of sects, and that is from the atheist, the enemy of ALL, who would endeavour to separate her from, and hold her nature to be inconsistent with reason; when the truth is, that reason and religion never appear to so much advantage as when they are hand in hand together; they seem then to encircle and embrace all that is good and delightful for man, and under their joint influence he is safe and happy.

The fact is, after all, that nothing has ever yet been said against the beauties and advantages of religion; it has been its deviations, the absurdities of priestcraft, the cunning or ignorance of its teachers, that have despoiled its fairness and purity, and done

it injury. Men, desirous of as little restraint as possible in their actions, have willingly listened to this false evidence against her for their own corrupt ends, and to clear the way for licentiousness.

To pursue the chain of reasoning that, that religion is best that is best calculated for the happiness of man. After allowing full justice to the purity of other doctrines, it will not be difficult to prove that the christian religion is the best. It is the most perfect, because it agrees most with reason, and by the doctrine of mediator, relieves man from the doubt and dread in which the weakness and infirmity of his nature had involved him.

But the christian religion, pure as it was in its primitive state, became in the hands of ambitious and wicked men a medium for the commission of crimes, and of all manner of indulgencies, until the protestant faith cleared it in a great degree from the dregs of superstition. Yet hear an enlightened catholic discourse, and you will find that he disowns the absurdities, or explains them satisfactorily to reason; thus the kneeling down to an image is not, as the vulgar imagine, to worship it, but merely to engage the mind to a contemplation of a heavenly subject, and to keep it from wandering and distraction; and confession, on which protestants lay so much stress, nothing more than the unburthening of the mind to a good man, who gives his consolation, advice, and prayer; and which is the same thing used by protestants when

they have a clergyman sent for to a dying friend. Strip then any religion of the superstitions and absurdities priestcraft has introduced, and it will every where be found of a pure nature, though perhaps not in the same degree. It is unjust and unfriendly in man to hate his brother because providence has made him the inhabitant of another soil, and follower of another faith; teach him the greater excellence, if he will listen, but do not call him heretic or unbeliever; even the deist deserves pity, for his mind is in a state of privation from the greatest solace of religious hope, and in denying a mediator he becomes forlorn and wretched.

The christian religion is pure in all its parts, and the Sermon on the Mount a perfect system of morals. The judicious restraints which are imposed upon the passions of men set the limits perhaps too narrow for human weakness absolutely to keep; but the boundaries are those of safety: thus when it is said, "that if any man smite thee on the one cheek, turn unto him the other also," it is not meant in its literal sense; but to shew that it is better not to resent violence with violence, and to shew also the strength of meekness, which in the just is an impregnable tower that nothing can successfully assail.

The next maxim against which new philosophers have cavilled, with as little justice as the former, is the one, "that if any man sue thee at the law and take away thy cloak, let him have thy coat also;" but the

experience of common life among those who have been involved in litigation, shews the true wisdom of the precept; indeed the whole of the Sermon may very well be said to comprise the lesson of how to live, as well as how to die. What is wanting in the world is more of love and charity, and there is nothing that can disseminate them better than the precepts of christianity; I do not say this hastily, but in a long and mature consideration of the subject, I have seen the course of happy and tranquil hours that have attended upon families accustomed to the duties of religion, blessed in the disposition of their minds, and in all the circumstances of their lives content and happy.

I hope that the Man in the Moon will not be thought sententious or grave; I assure my readers that it is not so, I am as merry and cheerful as they could wish; but I do not like to see religion, that should bind all men to each other, unjustly made a barrier to their friendly intercourse; it is not the character it deserves, and man alone perversely misunderstands it.

Z.

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*The communication from the* MAN AT THE MAST HEAD *will be in the the next Number.*

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

" NAUTICUS CANTUS."

NUMBER VII. *Saturday, 3d Dec.* 1803.

IN a former Number I believe that I urged the expediency of employing all the latent military talent that could be found in the country. That I was not wrong in such recommendation I feel more satisfied every day. The volunteer corps ought certainly to have been officered chiefly from the line, that the influence of soldierly example might have made men soldiers. It is my duty now to speak of another department, of the spirit and talent to be found in the English navy; and here it is grateful to give a tribute to bravery and merit. The character of a naval officer is finely formed; it comprises a high sense of honour and courage, with a friendliness of nature and generosity of mind that is conspicuous even to an enemy. Our seamen are rough, hardy, and honest; regular in the points of their duty, disdaining all fatigue and danger when the service requires it. The bad part of a ship's company are only a few landsmen, who may be found among what are called *wasters*, or *afterguard*, and who may have been desperate characters on shore.

Perhaps the manners of the naval officer may have become more refined of late years; but it has not injured his spirit or bravery; in fact, where such principles govern, it is not much matter as to the manners, they cannot easily displease. We recollect, with pleasure, Lieutenant Bowling in Roderic Random, drawn from the life; and naval people still speak of Jack Cooling, a real character, who some years ago commanded the Ruby. Jack being appointed, went to Deptford, to his ship, and ascended her side with a leg of mutton in his right hand, calling at the same time for the boatswain and the cook; the first he ordered to hoist the pendant, and the next to boil the leg of mutton. The boatswain, however, who was as rough as the commander, and who did not know him, only replied:—"Hoist the pendant for you, and be d——d to ye! who the devil are you?" Jack only made a sour face at the boatswain, and unbuttoning his great coat his uniform was discovered, and the commander instantly obeyed, with many apologies for the mistake. It was not long before the ship was manned, and ready for sea, for every seaman liked Jack Cooling. Jack having heard that it was usual to make a speech to the ship's company, had all hands called; and being a very little man, ascended an arm-chest for the purpose. Every tar was silent with admiration; Jack began, "Harkee! my name's Jack Cooling, and if you don't do your duty, d—n me if I don't cool ye." The tars gave three cheers, and one and all declared, that they never had heard such a fine speech in all their lives. It is impossible not to

feel high regard for the bluntness and hardihood of this honest seaman.

If, however, the manners of the officers of the navy have become more polished, they have lost nothing of their original character; and a most gallant seaman of the present day, who is an accomplished gentleman, proves how easily the characters may be united. A few years ago a person, who had to see this officer, (since created a knight) found him preparing for the drawing-room, and was struck with the elegance of his address and manners; but having occasion to wait on him a few days afterwards, was told that he might meet him at the Royal Exchange, where he was treating with the master of a merchantman to go out a passenger to Sweden. The gentleman went to the proper walk, on 'Change, but could see nobody like Capt. S——; at last he observed a man in a blue great coat, with a silk handkerchief round his neck, of whom he thought he might make enquiries, which he did; but was perfectly astonished when he heard the stranger, on being asked if he knew Capt. S——, of the navy, answer "Yes, I am Capt. S——."—"You! what Capt. S—— who I saw the other day going to court?"—"Yes, Sir." Nothing could equal the astonishment of the man, who declared that the Captain was the most elegant amphibious animal that he had ever seen, and that he could live just as well on shore as at sea.

There is a noble and true independence in the cha-

racter of a seaman, that makes him superior to the ordinary difficulties of life. He can sleep in any place, because he can sling his hammock any where; is glad to eat any thing, because he considers eating as only necessary to hunger, and the plainest morsel is to him a luxury; care has very little to do with him, because his honestly stubborn breast never yields to its attacks, except it comes with an appeal to his humanity.

The superiority of a sailor's mind over circumstances that would affect a landsman was exemplified not long ago, where a sailor was involved in debt. Jack was taken in by a Jew agent, at Portsmouth, to a considerable amount, and after the receipt by the Jew of the pay under his power of attorney, Moses still brought him in a debtor. Jack grumbled, pleaded his want of power and his intentions in vain; the Jew was inflexible, and at last, with great harshness told him, that as he was discharged, unless the money should be immediately paid, he would send him to prison. Jack looked grave, turned the quid of tobacco two or three times in his mouth, and looking the usurer full in the face made his exit; but in half an hour afterwards returned with a bundle in his hand, to the great joy of the Jew, who thought that he had brought the money, or some clothes as a pledge. Jack stood still, looking at the Jew, who asked him, "Vel, vat d'ye vants, Mister Jack?"—"Want! why I'm waiting for sailing orders, to be sure; you said as how I was to go to limbo, and here I am ready to get under-way as soon as you please."

The astonished Jew had not a syllable to reply; but found that it was certainly no use to send Jack to prison. Thus, what would have been a serious misfortune to a landsman, was only the inconvenience of an hour to Jack, in the preparation for his trip to jail. These are the minds opposed to an enemy, who must ever be unsuccessful against the valour and intrepidity of men whose fortitude rises in proportion to the danger they meet.

The following is the letter received from the MAN AT THE MAST HEAD:

" TO MISTER THE MAN IN THE MOON, ESQUIRE,

" *Fleet Street, London, or elsewhere.*

" *On board the Dreadnought, Channel, Nov. 24th,* 1803.

" HONOURED SIR,

" You must know as how that I have had a good spell every day for the last week at the mast head, keeping a sharp look out for Mr. Bonyparte; who hasn't yet hove into sight. As you are the Man in the Moon, and for that reason always up aloft, you could tell us, as if you would, what tack he is upon, starboard or larboard: Sam Swab, one of our after-guard, who was a conjurer's clerk, in the Old Bailey, says as how you can cast a nativity as easy as I can heave the lead, and that you can tell what's to be put into the log-book for a month to come. You must know that I does'nt much believe Sam, because he's a lubber, and one of the king's hard bargains,

as we call it, and don't know a crow from a handspike, or the main tack from the top-gallant haulyards; but if you will only tell us now when this said Mr. Buonaparte is to stand in for the shore of Old England, I shall take it kind, as it will save me many a dog-watch upon the crosstrees; and if you come down some night through the wind-sail, or through any other channel you please, we shall be glad to see you in our mess, on the starboard side of the main hatchway. Bob Crank, Bill Splice-um, and Dick Mizen, are my messmates, three as good fellows as ever broke a sea biscuit, we will give some grub out of the locker; that is, a bowl of lobscouse, pork, and pease soup to put into your hold, and some grog. Do you know that I often take a peep at your ugly phiz, when I'm on the yard-arm, hauling out the weather-earing of the foretop sail, to take in a reef; but perhaps you don't know Bob Binnacle. I shall hand ye over in my next an account as long as the maintop bowline of our station in the Channel, with the bearings and distances of the enemy, and the latitude and longitude of what they can do. I can only tell ye, for the present, that if they get to the windward of our cruizers, it must be with a *Hammond's nip**. Our purser, who is a droll dog, and apt to crack jokes, says, that he thinks Mister Bonyparte will look very *foolish* when he is near Scilly; and as for the Western coast, it is all my eye Betty Martin, for there he will have an iron-bound

* *A Hammond's nip* is a fine perfection in steering, by which it is possible to weather a point, or a vessel, not practicable to do by any other means.

shore, and the Taffies to talk to; so you see that he will stand no more chance than a cat without claws. Steady boys, that's all; luff, no near, as ye go now, get by us if you can; every man to his station, and the cook to the foresheet. You understand me.

" Yours, until death,

" THE MAN AT THE MAST HEAD."

In addition to the above I have just received the following:

" MOST POTENT POTENTATE OF THE MOON,

" It is long since that I have refreshed myself under the influence of thy planet, and basked in its beams; I have watched the New Moon, and felt its approach with delight; it is then that I feel my dignities resumed, and that I am a prince. The Prince of Plaistow is my name, and love, with its soft seducing syren sweets, has preyed upon me; but what of that, I am no longer a victim. Softly she came across the lawn attired like a Roman virgin; her bosom rich and tempting as Mantuan grapes; her eyes beaming with the fulness of the delights of love, but me she saw not; her form was perfect, her steps were measured to the soft movements of harmony, and she never tripped. Oh! let me contemplate those actions that first enwrapt me in delight; my dominions are at her service, my crown is laid at her feet, my sceptre is hers; but she is false, is faithless, is frivolous; no, no, never more; yet thou art adorable, the universe is at thy feet, and the Prince of Plaistow

bends to thee lovely Pharonida. Use thy soft influence, beauteous Cynthia, to make tender the heart of Pharonida, for it is as hard as the rock against which the ocean beats in vain. A black heavy cloud has just hid thee from my sight, and I am in despair; confusion, horror, rage, fury, love, war, thunder, music, and distraction.

" Farewell,

" THE PRINCE OF PLAISTOW."

*The Incurable Ward, Bedlam,*
*Full Moon.*

Such are the effects of love, and the Prince seems to have taken the inoculation very completely; there seems to be little fear that he will ever have the complaint again, even in an epidemic.

2.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

" Polly matete cry town is my deskalon."
Partridge, Fielding's Tom Jones.

NUMBER VIII. *Wednesday, 7th Dec.* 1803.

IT may become a subject of curious investigation among philosophers, whether the Man in Moon ever sleeps; probably they may sometime or other catch him nodding, or at least find him so dull and heavy as nearly to determine the fact. However, to save them the trouble of further enquiry, he candidly avows, that he does, at times, close his eyes, and shut his mouth upon occasion, like other people; and the better to establish the truth of the position, and introduce himself to the notice of a large class of the community, called *dreamers*, he will relate an extraordinary vision that he had only a few nights since, which, whether it was the effect of the images floating in his brain of what he had seen going on upon earth, or a mere misrepresentation of them, he cannot, at present, determine.

About ten o'clock of the night of the first day of December instant, being fatigued with turning over a variety of incongruous matter, or lumber of the earth, the Man in the Moon fell into a dose, and fancied

himself, as is frequently the case with other people, *wide awake*. He imagined the printer of these sheets on his right hand, and that he, the Man in the Moon, was very gravely enquiring into the purport of a great bustle below, in words nearly as follows: "Bless me, what are these innumerable hordes, apparently savages, issuing forth from all corners, and covering the land? Instead of ensigns, they seem to carry an immense volume before them, the sheets open, and the contents as mysterious and ambiguous as the sibyllini versus. I am afraid that nothing can be *collected* from them, yet I discover in large capitals the word 'INCOME,' which seems to dwindle and diminish the longer one looks at it. Truly, however, the bearers of these *colours* appear an effective corps, they seem constantly upon the *alert*, and ready for action, they are doubtless *rifle men*. How long have they been brigaded? Is this the dreaded descent! and are they called marauders or invaders? Doubtless they are marching to obtain a collection after dinner from those liberal gentlemen seated round a table at yonder hotel, and who have ordered all the luxuries of a French kitchen; what a variety of dishes for this necessitous troop to partake of—des matelotes d'anguilles et des carpes, des cotelettes etonné et surpris, des beçasses et des becassines, des omelettes superbes, with hock, claret, and Burgundy, followed by caffeè and the most exquisite liqueurs, *absinthe*, and *abricot;* what immense wealth! surely the partakers of so sumptuous a table will, at least, be able to pay *two shillings in the pound;* or, perhaps, this chosen troop of sharp-shooters are de-

stined to make an attack on that superb pastry shop. Methinks I see them already among the jellies and savoury pâtès, or sipping the *creme de rose,* and capilaire. Pray, heaven, that they may not assail the roast beef or plumb pudding on the table of that decent family, now sitting over their meal, and counting out their rent for their landlord, and who, I observe, have only a few pounds left them."

The Man in the Moon went on in this incoherent strain, the offspring of his disordered imagination for some time, when his friend, the printer, assured him of his mistake; and that what he took to be a new-raised regiment were nothing more than a troop of tax-gatherers; that they were nearly complete, and would soon know their exercise, which they were to learn as well in houses, as in the fields; that they would shortly understand charging, and surcharging, and go through the whole of their manœuvres with skill and adroitness.

At this explanation the Man in the Moon awoke, and being now come to his *senses,* I shall, in my proper person, that is, in the first person singular, offer some reflections on the remarkable subject of my dream, the great business of taxation.

Adam Smith, in his Wealth of Nations, defines the principle of taxation as follows:—"That the subjects of every state ought to contribute towards the support of the government, as nearly as possible,

in proportion to their respective abilities," and this proposition must be admitted. To determine therefore, the character of a new tax, we have only to discover how far it is from, or how near it is to, this fair and just admeasurement; for it has been the mistaken arithmetic of modern politicians to seek to supply the exigencies of the state by an equal distribution from the hands of the people, apportioned to their *probable incomes*, measuring their respective abilities by one and the same scale, without regard to the circumstances that vary the different situations of men of the same income. The point of taxation should be with the power of the individual, and it should cease whenever it presses too hard on the deserving and industrious man. A just and equal tax upon income is ruled by the like principle of people at a tavern, who are called upon to pay the reckoning, where each should subscribe his share; yet if one of them is unintentionally unable, the rest of them make up the amount among them, anticipating the cruel exposition of his finances; or, indeed, an Income Tax ought to be made on the same principle as a baker's parish pudding. Every body, who knows any thing of a baker in a country town, knows that the family have every Sunday what is called a parish pudding, which is made without much trouble; as the baker's wife has only to take a little out of every batter, or rice pudding that comes to the oven, but then she is always very careful to collect from the best and largest, the largest spoonfuls, leaving the homely puddings made of *poor* materials unmolested.

The mistake of modern financiers is derived from their having more knowledge of Cocker's Arithmetic, than of common life, for they very wisely and profoundly infer, that if A. being worth ten thousand pounds per annum, pays five hundred pounds tax, that B. having only one hundred pounds yearly income, will only pay five pounds tax; not at all considering that it is nevertheless unequal from the inequalities of the situation of A. and B.; as the one has scarcely enough for the common necessaries of life, and the other a superabundance. The arithmetic of an Income Tax may then take a dividend from a man who has nothing to spare, or perhaps a small uncertain profit inadequate to the common purposes of life; nor will supervisors charitably make an abatement for those imperious demands which propriety enforces on persons of certain situations in life, even after all the odiousness of exposition. Thus the man who is obliged to make a decent appearance in society suffers all the injuries of degradation from the effect of an insupportable tax.

There is always superflux enough in a country to furnish the supplies of the most expensive war. It is the wisdom of taxation to find out the superfluities, and there to fix, till it may suck out the poison of excess, and by a virtuous subtraction lessen the moral and physical evils of life; taxation would then be made subservient to morals, and ministers become the economical surveyors of wholesome provisions for the people, a new appointment. But all ministers are not Mentors, they sometimes, like other people, wait for

experience to inform them of facts. The distress and inconvenience of an Income Tax soon appears among the middling classes, labouring with a dubious income, and using useless endeavours to keep up their credit, the payment of their rent, their baker's and butcher's bills, &c. in a constant state of *insolvency in expectancy*, because, perhaps, they are honest enough to reject the artificial means of credit, too commonly made use of in the present day, by the mutual accommodations of paper, taught them from higher authority. It is then from the sources of real wealth and independence that the exigencies of a state should be supplied, and not from the scanty pittances of incapacity. Let the rich, whose superabundance is a grievous evil to them, bear the *onus* of taxation, so as it does not abate one truly rational, or even elegant enjoyment that their educations, manners, and minds give them a title to; it will not harm them to have less to squander on cards, dice, horses, masquerades, French dinners, hot soupers, and rural breakfasts. It might even be the means of allowing them to pay their debts, as if they would, on the score of heavy taxation, retrench the gaudy trappings of their houses, they might possibly find that they would not know what to do with the residue of their savings for tax money.

Another thing worthy consideration is, that whenever any class is oppressed by the effect of an injudicious taxation, that part is lost to the community; it becomes faint, inert, useless, discouraged, and fettered by

inconveniences, and the disgrace of poverty, its spirit droops, and more is subtracted from the public treasury, than the excessive burthen of the tax brings into it. Numerous are the articles of luxury that would yet bear taxation, or an increase of taxation, which would never be felt by the voluptuous consumer, but particularly those are worthy the notice of financiers, which are the exquisite entremets or messes of *wise* and *ingenious* cooks, where the plain and wholesome is rejected for des viandes tres succulente, tres excellente, et tres superbe; certainly epicurism cannot grudge to pay additional for any thing got up with so much taste, and so delightful to the appetite.

I observe that the new Income Bill requires a return of the names of all *ideots* and *lunatics* resident in Great Britain. I am afraid that the list will be found to be enormous, and at least take ten thousand reams of *fool's cap.* Indeed, I am afraid from the next declaration that I shall myself become liable, being a *lunatic*, not resident in England; but for whom my guardian, trustee, or receiver, the bookseller, will, by virtue of the act, be made chargeable.

The idea of so many *ideots* and *lunatics* suggests to my mind the propriety of a poll tax on that rich and numerous class of the community; it would, doubtless, bring in an immense sum to the Treasury, particularly, according to the opinion of the late Mr. W——s, who having been told by a gentleman that he should take the sense of the city upon an important question, replied:—"Very well, Sir, do; and

I'll take the nonsense of the city, and beat you ten to one." Now supposing Mr. W—'s calculation to be correct, the tax would be extremely productive in that part of London, nor would the thing be attended with much trouble, as a board of *wise* commissioners might be appointed, assisted by medical men, to ascertain the precise quantity of brains contained in each head, which should pay in proportion to the deficiency, to make up, if possible, what is wanting to society.

In addition to the above, another numerous class might become the objects of taxation; these are the lazy, (for the blind and the lame I would excuse) a very *efficient* return might be made of these *inefficient* beings, and they would, by this means, bring more into community than could otherwise be possibly expected.

In this tax, however, there must certainly be an exception as to statesmen, great lawyers, and physicians; for these gentlemen, doubtless, come under the description of *wise* heads, and are therefore exempt from the duty, nor will it be proper that they should undergo an examination before the Board of Wisdom, lest by any jealousy of the commissioners, or other accident, they might be reported wanting.

*Z.*

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

Say, what is taste, but the internal pow'rs
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
For things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species.

AKENSIDE.

NUMBER IX. *Saturday, 10th Dec.* 1803.

PERHAPS in no epoch of history has the wretched poverty of true genius and of taste been more apparent than at the present time. That pureness of intellect, soundness of judgment, and moral of the mind, that adorned other ages, seems exhausted in this, so that scarcely any thing is left but a debilitated tone of taste (if I may be allowed the expression) that requires a constant stimulus to satisfy its false and depraved appetite; no longer pleased with the wholesome food of recreation, reason, and common sense, it seems to delight only in the *twice laid* dishes cooked up by managers and authors, who have felt the sickly pulse of the town, and know the relaxation of solid sense, under which it labours. Yet all is vain, these messes, garnished with high seasoned absurdities, may act as stimulants for the moment, but will, in the end, pall and sicken the understanding. How many cardiacs has the fertile invention of modern drama-

tists mixed up *secundum artem*, to please an audience, gaping to take in the grossest deformities of novelty, baited by the skilful anglers of public favour. This career of nonsense commenced about three or four years ago, when in solemn procession enter O. P. two stately elephants; sometime afterwards a little monkey was engaged for the purpose of skipping about, scratching his ears, &c. to entertain the boxes, for to do the galleries justice they do not like any thing so low. The next was an elegant dumb character, who was too graceful to use any stuttering or stammering natural to some of those unhappy beings, but who presented a finished address and perfect action, that made the deformity an advantage; but to display the highest degree of stage effect, it was necessary the next season to produce to the public a pretty little baby, who was to be dandled in the arms of an hero. It used to be an observation of an excellent dramatic author of the present day, that he always wished that it was the reign of Herod, whenever he saw a child brought upon the stage; and yet this same author, in conformity, no doubt, with the puling taste of the town, stept up into the nursery himself for a little poppet to insure the success of his piece; and certainly speaking with true dramatic feeling, if little master had been included in the Herodian anathema, it would not have mattered a great deal. Pity it is that authors, who are capable of painting characters of real life, should disturb from their cradles poor little innocents, who would be far best at home. Yet not a great while ago, one of these was about to be cut in

pieces for the entertainment of an audience, it was said, agreeable to the judgment of Solomon, though I am of opinion that it did not shew the judgment of the author to offer such a spectacle to the public. But the reader may judge the astonishment of the Man in the Moon when he heard, in addition to these prodigies, a report ascend to his lunar mansion, that the next novelty of the stage was to be a large Newfoundland dog; it was natural to suppose that the critics would growl and grumble at the innovation, but never did an amateur of the drama sustain the fatigue of the insipid representation of the musical entertainment called the 'Caravan,' with more fortitude than I did, tortured every instant with the greatest improbabilities, the harlequinade of a governor descending from the window of his castle at a cry of fire, without the usual alarm from the sentries; by which *his excellency* is the first out of danger, with the hackneyed tink a tinka of the Mountaineers, and which has been renewed in almost every new musical entertainment since, to fascinate, with the attitudes of the graceful Decamp, the dramatic censors into gentleness and peace; yet, oh nature! without thy help, what would all the dress and fancy of art avail? one incident from thy choice store of materials can conquer the heart in a moment, and make the sternest critic yield; the child of the marquis is hurled into the stream, which incident alone, would have occasioned more of horror than of any other sensation; but the heart is enwrapt in delight and love for the trusty faithful animal, who at his master's call plunges into the flood, and brings the infant safe to

land. One feels a desire to call out "bravo," and to pat the honest animal on the head.

I cannot conceive by what species of jealousy, or narrowness of mind, the faithful Carlo was not included in the Dram. Pers. I know very well the strict etiquette among performers, as to where each, according to his rank, is to be placed in the play-bill, yet I think that the poor honest dog might have been permitted to have followed his master; certainly his merits are as great as any other performer, he plays true to nature, catches genuine applause, makes no long unjust pauses before he makes his leap to prepossess the audience with what he is going to do, and trusts to nature alone for success. Certainly the dog might afford some lessons of good acting to the performers of the present day. Z.

## TO THE MAN IN THE MOON.

——— Id arbitror
Adprime in vita esse utile *ne quid nimis.*
Ter. Andr. Act I. sc. I.

"SIR,

"HAVING felt the inconvenience of being addicted in conversation to the use of any favourite or particular expression, I take this opportunity of warning others from the same practice, and to request your advice how I myself may avoid it in future. My obnoxious phrase is—"*if in case*—;" and my friends tell me, that I cannot express two ideas together without introducing it to their great annoyance. I have been in the constant use of this sentence from my school days;

and though I could never yet discover any mischief it has done to others, I feel very sensibly, to this moment, its effects on myself; for I had once a whimsical old uncle, with whom, in other respects, I was a favourite, but to whom the use of my favourite phrase was so disagreeable, that he promised to make me his sole heir, *if in case* I would leave it off. For some time before his death I succeeded to my wishes, and believe I did not use it in his hearing for the last six months of his life, till the day before his death; when I most unfortunately stumbled on my old habit again, by informing him how great would be my grief *if in case* he should die. The old man was as good as his word. He immediately sent for his lawyer, and altered his will in favour of my younger brother, who, he was sure, would never offend the world by the use of that, or any other particular phrase, being both deaf and dumb. Such is my fate; and *if in case* you can make use of it in your lectures for the benefit of any fellow sinner in this particular, you are welcome to do it.

"I am, &c.

"T. D."

I cannot but think my correspondent was too severely punished for his little failing, and take his word for the singularity of his uncle's character: yet as our passing with the world depends on the aggregate of a thousand little things, I beg leave to caution my readers against a similar practice. I once knew a man whose favourite word was "*probably*"; and he, like my correspondent T. D. could not express two ideas together without making use of it. Indeed it came so

readily on his tongue, that nothing had been certain with him in speech for ten years past; but to the clearest truth, or the inference of the most correct syllogism, he would only observe "*probably it may be so.*" Another could not, for four years of my acquaintance with him, make a reply to a trifling observation without dividing it into firstly, secondly, and thirdly; nor prove a common truth without giving three or four distinct reasons for it. He, however, was cured by discovering it inconvenient to be obliged to say so much on every subject, and that in the nature of things, every truth would not admit of four reasons in proof of it. A third person, I remember, who could talk of nothing but what was "*infinitely superior*" to something else, and never discovered the absurdity of it, till he saw a whole company convulsed with laughter at his gravely asserting, that a stool with four legs was *infinitely superior* to one with three, when all the world besides would as lief sit on one as the other. With respect to my advice on this subject, I fear that he whom the danger of being disinherited could not reform, is indeed incorrigible; but at the same time beg to remark, that there is hardly any habit so fixed, but caution may prevent and perseverance at length overcome it. There is another class of characters who may not unaptly be also noticed here, but whose failings are not quite so excuseable or innocent as that mentioned above. They are such as fancy themselves gifted with superior excellence in certain particulars, in which, in fact, they are really deficient; and accordingly are for ever displaying their fancied excellencies, without perceiving that the world

is not inclined to give them the suffrages they demand. *Leonilla* has lately discovered herself to be a great favourite of the Muses, and is all the morning long stringing together a set of verses which she repeats to her friends in the evening; nor can Leonilla discover that the good-natured laugh, and that the less indulgent are displeased at her vanity, whilst the learned think her verses too contemptible for their criticisms. *Loquacious* tires us with long and stupid harangues on every thing he touches, because he thinks he talks well; and *Corvus* grates the ears of every company into which he enters, by what he terms singing; whilst *Tragicus* puts them asleep by reciting parts of plays without action, expression, or character. *Orsin*, who is a stiff formal man, of about fifty years of age, prides himself on the dignity of his carriage, and the peculiar ease and gracefulness of his manners; and never fails to introduce himself with a multitude of strange motions and distortions of body, which give us only the idea of a bear affecting the airs of a dancing master. *Myrtilla* is as vain of her dark complexion, because she has somewhere heard of the pretty *brunettes* of France, as her friend *Laura* is of a very prominent feature, far exceeding the line of beauty, because she has heard a certain great lady admired for her aquiline nose. But the most remarkable instance of the kind which has lately come under my notice, is *Stentor*, a gay man, whom nature has furnished with a loud untimable voice; but who fancies himself gifted with extraordinary abilities in reading the church service, and never yet heard it delivered without shaking his head and wishing himself a parson. He accordingly takes

frequent occasions to give his friends specimens of his talent that way, and has been known in the midst of a convivial meeting to repeat one of the penitential prayers, and at the christening of his last child read the burial service aloud, to the great improvement of the parson, and the edification of the company. I lately paid him a visit with a friend, but was surprised at the sudden and abrupt manner in which my companion hurried me away, till he informed me that he had been frightened by a prayer-book which lay on a table in one corner of the room. Such characters as these will never be reformed whilst they can find themselves listened to with politeness, and looked on with complacency. They never doubt of their own merit, but conclude it to be envy or want of taste in others, which has so long deprived them of universal admiration. In order, therefore, to cut up the root of this evil at once, and for the relief of his Majesty's peaceable subjects, I do hereby direct and ordain, that from henceforth it shall and may be lawful for any person to be inattentive to all such talkers, readers, singers, and reciters, and even fall asleep in their company if possible; and also to turn away from all such as are evidently attempting to exhibit themselves, without its being considered any breach of good manners, and without any charge of unpoliteness to be hereafter brought against him for the same. F.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

"SOCIATIS LABORIBUS."
TAC.

NUMBER X. *Wednesday, 14th Dec.* 1803.

HUMANITY the chief blessing, solace, and charm of life, how much of happiness do we owe to thy soft endearments, enchaining heart to heart in the social ties of love and friendship, disposing every thing to harmony, abating the pride of prejudice, and reconciling the differences of philosophy and religion, in that admirable agreement of general principles, which is the preservation of the morals, and of manners; how easily might thy kind influence be used to dispel the gloom of disaffection, and all the mischiefs of party distinction, and yet a blind and mistaken policy prevails, a system of terror is still preferred, and unhappy IRELAND remains the peculiar object of its stern regards; the opiates of conciliation are yet neglected by men who judge without feeling the pulse, or being properly acquainted with the fever of the people of that country, as ignorant physicians prescribe wrong from their mistaking the true complaint of the patient. To cut off a diseased member, the knife may be applied with success, but where the whole body is in a morbid state, skilful alteratives must be used, and

the change in the constitution must be effected by regimen and gentle treatment. It is true, that when rebellion erects its hydra heads, it is time to be severe; but it should be that just description of severity, that shows both the power to punish, and the desire to pardon; and indeed, where the people of a country from peculiar circumstances like the Irish, labours under the misfortune of disunion among themselves, it would be wise and prudent to use some mild means to abate the virulence of their mutual hatred, by a mediation that might cause them to believe an union with England, the greatest blessing that could happen them.

The fact is, that the disposition of the people of Ireland is misunderstood, the country is divided in itself, and not all the military power that exists, can remove the rooted enmity one party bears the other. It was currently believed, and insisted upon by the Roman catholics, that they were to be massacred immediately after the union should take place, and even at this time, they believe it fatal to their interests in the commonwealth. The distinctions in use, that is the bit of orange ribband, worn in the breasts of the Orange party, is another eye sore to the Catholics, and serves to keep in recollection dangerous memoranda, that are mischievous to the true happiness of the country. To such an extent is this reciprocal hatred carried, that the great Roman catholics will not purchase even the articles of trade from the shop of a protestant, and so vice versa. Where such ignoble tenets prevail, it is virtue to be of no religion, but that

of nature; for the professors disgrace christianity, which is properly the religion of universal good-will, and are alike distant from that true goodness which knows not in the true duties of life a Samaritan from a Jew. There is nothing so difficult to overcome as rooted prejudices, and they certainly never will be overcome in Ireland, until the manners of the people can be changed; the means that have been used are mistaken means; terror may for a time silence the active voice of disaffection, but it will murmur; the scaffold may present dreadful examples, but when the sufferers are loved, every rebel is called a martyr, and the cause acquires inward strength; the Irish have it now strongly fixed in their minds, that they are a degraded people, that they shall never be liked again by this country, and that they will always be used with harshness and cruelty; in short, they are sinking fast into that fatal despondency, which creates the strong sensations of revenge and hatred against the authors of their misery. I have paid much attention to the succession of tragic events which have occurred in Ireland, I have seen the noble minds of men disordered with the phrenzy of rebellion, who would have been grand ornaments of society; but notwithstanding the knife has been used, the corroding ulcer remains, the constitution of Ireland is as diseased as ever. It is the great business of true policy, by insensible inculcations of truth, to operate on the minds of a people, not to shock by new and offensive innovations, but to get at their consents by introducing among them a new spirit, and the spirit of humanity

is best suited to soften the fierceness and asperity of the Irish, who are naturally hospitable and brave. I am sorry to observe, but I do it with respect and love for the Roman catholics, that their religion is encompassed by superstitions and prejudices which destroy its beauties; the Roman catholics, or rather the Papists, are much too jealous, much too proud, they ask for toleration, but do not give it: the greater part of the misunderstanding among mankind has originated in priest-craft. It is pleasing to the rational mind to contemplate the unassuming dignity with which some of the clergy of the church England perform their offices of charity and love, and there is a Roman catholic priest in this country, whose sermons are the same lessons of good will and charity; men like these can never disagree; no, it is the ignorant wretched dealers in the false articles of religion, who keep up their conjurations to maintain themselves; for hundreds of priests in Ireland would starve, were the poor people once freed from the enchantments of priestcraft; wretched as they are, they will frequently give all they have to their priests, who in return, inculcate and nourish in their minds that hatred so fatal to their happiness. Good heavens! where is the understanding of the country hid; will it for ever suffer low and mean prejudices to disturb the repose of reason? let the hated distinctions of Orange and Croppies be heard no more, but let the catholic and the protestant embrace; let them be united by the intermarriage of sentiment; let the priests be instructed by the superiors of their church to imbibe no more ideas of dis-

like and hatred, but let them preach love and peace; let the present race of ignorant teachers run out, and let their places be supplied by men of education and understanding, in whose hands religion may be unpolluted, and the people safe from imposition, much fewer in numbers, but much stronger in true religion.

The custom of hunting the Wren is an unhappy proof of the hatred of the low Irish; for the Orange party, it is said, that at the time Prince William gained the battle of the Boyne, one of these poor little harmless creatures happened to alight upon a drum, which was considered as a good omen by the army of William, and since that time, a barbarous and disgraceful anniversary of sport is kept of this incident, when the low catholics sally forth, and wherever they can find a wren, hunt the poor little creature to death. Who is it can thus dare to separate humanity from religion?

True policy will then direct the means of giving peace to that country. It can only be brought about by the mutual determination of men of liberal minds of either party; to produce so desirable an object, let invidious distinctions be proscribed; let the catholics participate all the blessings and advantages of the protestants, power alone excepted; let the good sense of each country unite for the benefit of each, and it may then be called, with truth, the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Z.

" *Sunday, Dec.* 11*th*, 1803.

" MR. MAN IN THE MOON,

" I know that you like something extraordinary, and must therefore inform you that during the whole twenty-four hours of yesterday I did not once scold or find fault with my husband, nor did even a murmur of discontent escape my lips during all that time at the awkwardness of the servants, which you know, Mr. Man in the Moon, (if you keep servants there) is very provoking sometimes, and which indeed used to be my constant and perpetual theme when not immediately engaged in a quarrel with my husband. I fear, however, that you will not be disposed to give me full credit for the forbearance, when I inform you it was occasioned by a sudden cold and hoarseness, which rendered my speaking very painful, and had well nigh taken away my voice into the bargain. My husband, indeed, was not in the secret, but called me his dear love, and treated me with such kindness and affection on the occasion, thinking it to be an attempt of mine towards amendment, that I am half inclined to try the experiment in earnest, and endeavour most valiantly to conquer this unruly member of mine. Yet I thought it right to ask your opinion on my case before I begin such an important work; and particularly whether I may safely attempt a reformation at once, or by degrees, and how I am to answer the charges that may be alledged against me for giving up this most valuable female privilege and strong hold. An immediate answer will oblige,

" Sir, your humble servant,

*Paradise Row.* " XANTIPPE PLACID."

The only answer I shall give to my correspondent, is the publication of the following letter, which I received by the same post; and which I hope will better please and instruct her than any thing I can say. For, in truth, the inhabitants of the Moon have some old maxims current amongst them respecting scolds, which I am very unwilling to disclose at this stage of my acquaintance with the ladies of this country, lest the Man in the Moon be accused of saying rude things to them, and so lose every hope of their countenance and favour.

" SIR,

" The happy, especially those who have become so by a sudden and unexpected event, have always had the privilege of expressing their feelings of it to every body without regard to place or circumstances, provided it was done within a reasonable time after the event; nor has it indeed been expected (as in other cases) that the subject should be of general concern. Whilst, therefore, I may use this privilege, I hasten to tell you that yesterday made me the happiest of men, by a sudden alteration which has taken place in the conduct and temper of my wife. You must know, Sir, that from being a notorious scold, and the eternal alarum of our family, she has suddenly become as gentle and quiet as a lamb, and was not heard to utter a single syllable during yesterday. Conceive my joy, when, after years of incessant noise and contradiction, I contemplate this proof of her ability to be silent as the earnest of many a happy day, which we may yet

enjoy together. Even the servants wonder and are pleased with the change. I overheard two of them felicitate themselves on it, and remark, that there was no mistress in the world with whom they could more willingly live, if she could but forsake her way of finding fault upon all occasions. Pray tell her that scolding and ill-humour will disfigure beauty itself, and cast such a shade round the most accomplished woman as few will be at the pains to penetrate, in order to admire her real excellencies. Tell her, that if she can but forsake her bad habit, she will again become the darling, the joy and delight of her husband; and again display those abilities and perfections to advantage before others, which the world has almost forgotten belong to her. Tell her, moreover, that peace and good humour are blessings even to the possessors of them. She is a great admirer of your speculations, and will, no doubt, be benefitted in common with other females of the united kingdom, by the perusal of what your sage abilities and long observation will enable you to say on the subject. I am, (in hopes of your success)

" Your very humble servant,

" MOSES PLACID." F.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

" CUI BONO."

NUMBER XI. *Saturday, 17th Dec.* 1803.

THERE is scarcely an action in public or private life which might not be tried to advantage by the plain rule of reason contained in the above motto. The shrewd query '*Cui bono*,' *What good?* would in all cases serve as a most excellent preventative against the various mistakes and blunders men are constantly making in the greater and lesser engagements, and pursuits of the world. Many there are who must now regret that they had not asked themselves this short question, before they had become involved in the adventures of ambition, or of pleasure, and many there are who would have been rich who are now poor, only for the want of so good a friend as *cui bono* is, when listened to with a moment's attention. Even nations as well as individuals might measure the great actions of their states by this standard, and numerous would appear the mighty blunders evinced in their declarations of war, &c. when peace would have been the truly desirable object of countries, had the poor little monitor, *cui bono*, been permitted fair play, and his honest question not drowned by the

thunder of ambition, and the squabbling of such as were anxiously waiting for the loaves and fishes; and which, if there were a fair representation in a country, would seldom happen, for *cui bono* would then speak to better advantage, keep the blockhead governments from falling out, and *going to war* be rarely known.

To contrast a public folly with a private one, the *going to law* is, perhaps, the next thing worthy notice, *cui bono* would certainly operate nine times out of ten to prevent men from trusting to its *glorious uncertainties*, and to their arriving, after a long time, to the great satisfaction frequently given to the two parties, that of each having their own costs to pay.

Speculation is another offence and enemy to society, which poor little *cui bono* might frequently prevent, by only introducing the word *real* into the sentence. What *real* good are we to expect from this new scheme to which we so foolishly attach *unrealized* riches? we are, perhaps, very well and comfortable as we are, and "LET WELL ALONE," is an old adage that seems a very near relation to *cui bono*, and of the same worthy family; who once by their plain honest and prudential maxims gave riches to the citizens of London, before *accommodation bills* were ever known or thought of, and when *guineas* were heaped on the counters of our banking houses.

*Cui bono* might also be attended to with advantage when we are *going to build a house, going to the Stock*

*Exchangė, going to lend our money, going to keep a mistress,* and even it might be proper to attend to the hint when we *are going to be marriėd.* It would, in all these cases, afford us the opportunity to measure present advantages against future possibilities, to set a value on those things that are blessings in possession, and to know the true value of expectation, which is a promise to us almost always kept when we seek what is truly reasonable, and really good for us. It is only the vain idle phantoms of pride or ambition, that deceive us as an *ignis fatuus* in our journey through life; and thus it is, that the same man who might have enjoyed his family fire side in peace and comfort, is, perhaps, become the inhabitant of a prison for the debts contracted for the materials of the building of pride or ambition which his disordered fancy had planned. It is then that he is sorry that he had not listened to the admonition of *cui bono,* even with relation to the success of his scheme, and the probable danger of failing; for it happens constantly, that in these arduous attempts to have more than is necessary to our happiness, *le jeu ne vaut pas le chandelle;* and we fatigue ourselves in a career that is frequently stopt by disappointment, and at most finds its end nearly with the acquisition, by what we know to be the ultimatum of our advantages and misfortunes, a certainty which raises the value of reasonable present enjoyments which we can keep, infinitely above those which we must wait for, never may obtain, or if we should obtain, must part with so soon.

No man has more occasion for the use of the caution, *cui bono*, than the good-natured man, which character has been falsely denominated a fool; when the fact is, that the good-natured man acts from the most just principles of charity, that would never dishonour him if it were not for the stratagems of the world, that despoil the nature of generosity; he does not want wisdom for it is wise to help our neighbour, but he wants cunning, a contemptible article only made necessary by the achievements of knaves over the kind and generous. *Cui bono* is therefore an excellent adviser to such a man; for if any applications are made to his philanthropy, he has only to consider the real service he can do his friend, and if upon a candid explanation of his situation he may find that he can assist, let him do it freely; but if it is merely to support extravagance, false appearances, or the folly of concealing a little longer, growing and weighty embarrassments, *cui bono* will be a prudent query, and if his friend may fall, will leave him something to alleviate his real distress, instead of sinking also by the adhesion to ruinous circumstance. *Cui bono* will also protect him from the swindler, and the man of *elegant address;* he may apply the French saying to advantage, what is there *dans ses beaux yeux,* that I should do this for him? *Cui bono* would also deter many a man from *going to the gaming table,* as it would induce the reflection that experience affords us of the ruin attendant upon play, and to speak in the gamester's own terms, the *great odds* against the man who opposes himself to the skilful

professors of the science, what good can be expected from trusting ourselves with more expert and allowed pickpockets than was ever the unfortunate Barrington.

Our friend *cui bono* would, on the other side, inform us of many happy and pleasant situations in life, which we pass by and are totally regardless of; he would teach us, that having *the ambition not to rise*, is the most safe and easy way to contentment; that temperance will bestow the real *good*, of *good* health; that the abstinence from luxury and debauchery will preserve the mind; that every thing that is honest and virtuous is pleasant and advantageous; and that the *cui bono* which charity, truth, and justice bestow, is the great first blessing upon earth—PEACE.

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Being engaged in perusing a very curious and novel correspondence which has recently taken place, I was deprived the gratification of attending to the performance of the new historical drama, entitled "The English Fleet;" written, as report says, by Mr. Dibdin. I therefore subjoin a novel species of criticism, offered me by an honest tar, who was there, and who gives his opinion freely and candidly of the representation.

"*Hazy weather, with sleet, London, Dec.* 14, 1803.

"MR. MAN IN THE MOON,

"As how you being a friend of Bob Binnacle's, I hope, you see, that you won't be offended with a bit of

a forecastle story, to pass away your watch in the Moon. You must know, that yesterday, being in London to receive some prize money, I steered to Covent-garden, with Sal Saucyface, from Gosport, under my arm, to look in at the play. You never saw anybody so toss'd off as Sal, with a watch by her side as big as one of the compasses in our binnacle a'board the Eggs-and-bacon*, at Spithead. Well, you see, by making several tacks in-shore we, at last, weathered the gallery, and brought up in a good roadsted; at last, the player-men clewed up the mainsail, and begun a great deal of scrimidging, or fighting like Tom Cox's Traverse, up one hatchway and down another, which neither I nor Sal understood any thing about, or indeed, any of their gammon, only one of them, who seemed a bit of a sailor, if he hadn't now and then veered out some ward-room jaw, which we don't know nothing about. There was rather too much sing song for me; but it pleased Sal, and I doesn't mind a bit of a *squal* now and then, though I had rather hear Tom Midship sing "Why, how now, messmate Jack," than all your *uproar* singing put together. There was a fine lady too, made a speech as long as the jib sheet, and seemed to spout as well as Mr. Nipcheese, our purser, who I have listened to many a watch down the skylight, when I was quarter-master of the Tartar. Well, Sal wished to splice the main brace, so I stood away for the brandy shop; when a damn'd lubber, who was in everybody's mess, and nobody's watch, (a loblolly boy, I suppose) came to anchor in my birth, along-

* A cant name among sailors for the Agamemnon.

side Sal. Dam'ee, I luffed up to him presently, just as he was talking about the *companionment* to the singing, and I made him cut his cable, and so he went adrift ever so far astern. As for the matter of the plot, they seemed for the world as if they were *hustling the corporal*, at last, however, the big guns fired, and the *English fleet* came to anchor, when they cleared the decks presently of all the French *swaddies*, and so they sung God Save the King, and that's all.

" Your's at command,

" TOM TIMBERHEAD."

*St. Catharine's Lane, Wapping.*

" MR. MAN IN THE MOON,

" As I sees all your letter writers stiles you, Mr. Man in the Moon, I thinks proper to do as my nighboars does, and thinks as how I will write to you myself, and as you are a gemman of high degree, not like our little great men on this side of the sky, I takes the liberty to introduce myself to your favour. It was but last knight I defended you mortal strong against a fellow who presumed to say as how that our great stronomers and strologers have made a confounded mistake, and that the mountain of St. Catharine, as they call it, is nothing else but your nose, and that you are a mortal great drinker; and that this said mountain, instead of being covered with brakes and bushes, is covered with carbuncles. You must know, I had a mortal inclination to knock him down then; but, Sir, my wife has been on a visit to a cousin of hers these three weeks, and I have been reserving my un-

exercised patience against her return home; but, Sir, when this scoundrel told me that you was put in the moon for stealing sticks on a Sunday, and that for you to make a preachment of morality, was for all the world like a Botany Bay convict coming home to England and opening a public lecture on honesty—It was not a moonlight night, or you would have seen the knock down blow I gave him, and there he lay twisting about his ugly body like an eel in a basket. You must know, Sir, I expects a reward for this, and expects you to tell me, whether you likes the wolunteers, because as how I entered into the rifling corpse at the request of my wife, who likes the green milantary humanform mortally; but she says that i'se a dunce, for being drilled a month, and am not yet returned defective.

"Yours, as you please me,

"A SHARP SHUTTER."

Y.

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*Jemmy Sensitive's communication is before the Man in the Moon, and will be duly considered.*

*An Essay on Epistolary Writing will shortly appear, with specimens for the edification of gentlemen* in *and* out of place.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

"AUT CÆSAR AUT NULLUS."

NUMBER XII. *Wednesday, 21st Dec.* 1803.

"MR. MAN IN THE MOON,

"I WAS occupied half an hour last night in perusing by the fire side of my chamber your last Number, wherein you define the utility of the motto, *Cui bono*, in the circumstances of common life; and as you are one of the innumerable race of authors, moralists, or essayists, whose theories are all admirable, and who delight to torment your readers with precepts insupportable, and incongruous with the infirmity of human nature, I shall trouble you with a few genuine observations. According to your sage reasoning, it is just as easy to regulate our conduct in life as it is to set a stop watch, or to wind up an eight-day clock, I shall not be so unhandsome, at present, as to make any reflections on the possibility of personal inconsistencies, even in the sage monitor of the moon himself. It will be enough for me if I can prove to you the absolute imperfections of human nature, and that no author has yet discovered the true patent snaffle, bit, or bridle, by which men can rein effectually their unruly passions and appetites. Now, Sir, experimental philosophy appears to me to be the most certain of any, and to show you how much has been done to make

this *anima* or gold of the understanding, I will give you a sketch of my own outset in life. I was educated under the care of a private tutor, from whom I received not only classic instruction, but many moral inculcations, seldom attended to in public colleges. In short, my sentiments were as perfect a chain of correct and properly combined ideas as could be well imagined, and modesty ruled over me so absolutely that I blushed at every thing; and I could not have spoken first to a young girl if you had given me a guinea to do it; and as for giving her a salute I would sooner have suffered transportation. Upon so moral a ground, it might be imagined a perfect superstructure would have been raised, and indeed so it might, if the materials of the building had been better understood. But to continue, about the age of twenty I began, at the request of my parents, who were rich, to consider something of the character it would become me to establish in the world. I had not any of the material drawbacks upon the inclinations, many experience, such as the want of a liberal education, of fortune, of health, or of figure. It was now that, among other reading, I perused Richardson's Sir Charles Grandison, and that I felt the ardour of making that imaginary gentleman my prototype. I had, in short, determined to be reasonable in all my actions, to abstain from the follies incident to other men, never to drink, never to game, never to visit bad women, never to get in debt, never to borrow money. This desire of the immaculate came on chiefly when I was alone, and then I strutted about the room, imagined the chairs filled

with the wondering spectators of the assembly, admiring my elegance and refinement. No awkward constraint, no mistrust of myself, not an hasty expression, nor a look of impatience, were to be observed; I was perfectly at ease, assured, tranquil, and consistent in the assembly, where I had never been. At last, however, the time arrived when my lady mother, for my father was a country gentleman, saw company. I was of age, and was to put the lessons of my tutor, Sir Charles Grandison, and my dancing-master, into practice. The company were select and brilliant, and I entered the drawing-room with an assurance of success. Judge my astonishment, however, when I tell you that I passed unnoticed in the crowd, except what attention I received from some old women who had surrounded mamma. Still, however, I preserved my ease, until a little ugly foolish looking girl set up a horse laugh as I passed by, whispering at the same time a whole circle of creatures like herself, I wonder how Sir Charles Grandison would have stood this! I confess that it gave me a little physical confusion, but I surmounted the danger by running away, and when I got into a corner was perfectly Sir Charles Grandison again. But my mortification was soon after renewed, for I began to find, even when I forced myself forward, that nobody gave to my morality nor to my manners the character of my original Sir Charles; nobody said, How like Sir Charles Grandison! However, I had sense enough to believe, that when a little more used to company I should soon get rid of those unpleasant

*gaucheries* which perplex and torment the novice on the town, and that my morals were at any rate safe from attacks like those I had just suffered. Among the rest of the company I observed a gentleman who really did seem the subject of admiration in the circle. His manners were perfectly formed, he conversed with ease and elegance, wore a constant smile upon his countenance, was polite and attentive to the women, and friendly and conversant with the men. It was Lord Lustre, and really I was much prepossessed in the idea of his likeness to Sir Charles Grandison, and of my likeness to him. Fortunately I did not pass the whole night unnoticed, for an extremely gay pleasant young man of fashion, who I had never seen before, Mr. Saunter, came to my relief, took my arm, walked up and down the room with me in the most friendly manner, and engaged me in conversation. I felt as bold as a lion, and I took an opportunity, among other things, to express to him my admiration of my Lord Lustre, who, I observed, was, doubtless, another Sir Charles Grandison. At this, Mr. Saunter set up a loud laugh, "Damme, Peregrine, that's a good thing, however." "I owe you one for that." "So you know my Lord Lustre?" "Well, come, you have a good deal of wit, damme." I could not, at first, make out what I had said so brilliant, particularly as I had before quoted some witty sayings of the ancients, which I had learnt of my tutor, without the smallest success. "Why you know," cried Saunter, as if I had been as well acquainted with life as himself, "you know that Lord Lustre is the greatest

*roué* upon town; he never speaks to a girl without planning her destruction, nor to a man without fishing for a loan." My blood stagnated in my veins at these observations, and I scarcely believed Saunter in earnest. I had, however, good sense enough to conceal the mistake I had laboured under about his lordship, and looked as cunning as I could. My friend Saunter, who had entertained a very different opinion of me than I wished to establish, asked me to dine the next day at a hotel, with two or three of his friends, which invitation I thought I might accept. Dancing had now begun, and I took by the hand a beautiful and accomplished woman as a partner; but no sooner did my fingers come in contact with hers than I felt that I was in a state of perspiration, my knees trembled, and when I had to lead down the middle, I forgot all the new fashionable steps *Mons. Crapaud* had taught me, bounced against my partner's back in the *allemande*, and fell upon my nose in *swinging corners*. I made, however, an awkward apology, complained that I had sprained my ankle, and left off dancing, almost convinced that I was not very much like Sir Charles Grandison. The next day I attended at the hotel, to meet my friend Saunter, who introduced me to Col. Brilliant, Capt. Dash'em, and Mr. Cog the counsellor, and now I began to think something of myself. I had determined, however, notwithstanding their free and easy politeness, to be upon my guard against every thing that might endanger the system of pure morality which I had proposed to establish; I could not, however, you

know, refuse to take a glass of wine with Col. Brilliant, Capt. Dash'em, Mr. Cog the counsellor, or my friend, that was quite impossible. The wine happened to be Madeira, which presently warmed the chillness of my cold philosophy, and I began to find a material and not unpleasant change taking place. I did not resist another and another glass, it was quite impossible, and each succeeding one assisted to enliven my torpid imagination; the Colonel helped me to the most exquisite of the dishes, *les pieds de chameaux* and *des dindoneaux;* the most excellent port and claret was served after dinner, and I found constraint wearing off very fast indeed; in short, after coffee, we all went in a coach to the theatre, completely drunk, and from thence to an house of no very good fame. Cog invited us very kindly home to his chambers, where hazard was proposed, and I found myself, though inebriated, so good a player that I returned home to Hanover-square a winner of a rouleau, after having received the compliments of the whole party for my skill and my manners, with fresh invitations from each. The next morning gave me leisure to reflect how unlike all this was to the character of Sir Charles Grandison; I leant my head upon my hand, cast a sheep's eye at the seven volumes, elegantly bound, on the shelf opposite to me, and fetched a heavy sigh. I found that I had completely lost ground in my own esteem, and began to imagine that I, as a woman who has committed a faux pas, had completely lost *my character*, for I had got drunk, gamed, and visited a courtezan, all in the same even-

ing; but judge how delighted I was when my friend Saunter called in, to hear him say that the Colonel, the Captain, and the Counsellor had spoken of me in the highest terms, that I was a devilish fine fellow, and that I should soon be as great a rouè as my Lord Lustre. Here was a character of celebrity within my reach. I was flattered with the comparison, and the moment he was gone ordered my servant to take away the set of Sir Charles Grandison out of my library. After this I was more at ease, and being wise enough to frequent my visits to my friend Saunter, and to get acquainted with my Lord Lustre, I soon was emancipated from the slavery of serving morality and reason; I danced much better, drank more wine, pleased the ladies better, and was presently a complete man of fashion: sometimes, indeed, I regretted that I had met with the adverse accidents which I did in my pursuit after a pure and exalted character, but I consoled myself with the reflection that no such could really exist, and that the author of Sir Charles Grandison had drawn "a faultless monster which the world ne'er saw." Thus let loose, I pursued the circle of dissipation, till loans became as necessary to me as to my Lord Lustre, and I was under the necessity of providing for my friend Saunter, to whose kind instructions and introductions I had owed the character of a very elegant and fashionable man. Now, Mr. Man in the Moon, could you, possibly, in your theory of morals and manners, find a more ardent pupil in the cause than was your humble servant? Do you not think that if I had found as easy an access to truth and virtue, as I did to vice, but that I should have been a Sir Charles Grandison?

My failure must then be attributed to the physical impossibility of the thing. True it is, that dull cool phlegmatic constitutions may preserve the same tone, and pursue the same regular system of heavy morals, as a waggon travels on in the same ruts in the road; but the gay young charioteer, who drives guided by his passions and inclinations, contemning the use of the reins, is a better character than this, and I hold it incompatible with the figure and accomplishments of a Sir Charles Grandison to be a *reasonable man.* I expect some very grave sentences in return for this, but pray answer me satisfactorily, for the common place remarks of the *old ones* of the schools will not do. I shall presently uncase the fox, if you dissemble; for do you know that I have some strong suspicions that you are as great a *roué* as my Lord Lustre, or

" Your humble servant,

" PEREGRINE PERFECT."

*St. James's Street, Dec.* 19, 1803.

" I left Hanover square as soon as I came to my estate."

I am afraid my correspondent set out the wrong road at first. Z.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

The heart surrendered to some ruling pow'r,
Of some ungovern'd passion ev'ry hour,
Finds by degrees the truths that once bore sway,
And all their deep impressions wear away:
So coin grows smooth, in traffic current past,
Till Cesar's image is effac'd at last.

COWPER.

NUMBER XIII. *Saturday, 24th Dec.* 1803.

IN answer to the communication of Peregrine Perfect, Esq. which reached the Moon last Saturday night, I shall offer a few observations and reflections on the subject of the natural infirmity and weakness of the human character, that may be acceptable, because they may be serviceable to my readers. I have carefully examined the mind of my correspondent, Mr. Perfect, and analysed the materials of which it appeared composed sufficiently to discover the chief article to be vanity, and to which mistaken principle, I believe, he has owed all the interruptions and mishaps he has met with in his attempts after a great and good fame. With the foundation of an ingenious modest mind, expectation may naturally form a noble and ornamental superstructure; but the principle must not be an ambition to shine, it must not be a mere desire of display, for if no greater, no superior power or influence directs human actions, it must fail: vanity

disappointed in one pursuit, voracious as it is for food, will easily find more ignoble objects for its gratification, and will even gorge on the most common meats sooner than taste of none. Mr. Perfect does not seem to be aware, that with his *every virtue*, one, one dangerous passion or imagination of the heart capable of creating numerous vices, gave direction to all his speculations; and, unhappily, it was of that insatiate kind that would not wait for the refreshment that the virtuous labourer after honest fame is sure one day or other to meet with. To avoid saying any thing common place on the subjects of pride or vanity, I shall make no mention of its being contrary to the will and design of the Creator, that so weak a being as man should entertain them in his thoughts or actions, I shall endeavour to consider the matter on another ground; that is, with reference to the poisonous effects of these noisome weeds upon the man who permits them to sprout and grow to any size in his mind. The instant that pride or vanity possess him with their baneful influence, the vigorous plants of truth, reason, genius, and talent become choked up, or perhaps destroyed. It is then that man begins to look round, not for the delightful repast which reason places within his reach, but for the luxuries of his imagination, honours, respect, and attendance; in short, for any thing that may add to the consequence he would wish to hold in society. Certainly the author of Sir Charles Grandison was too good a judge of the human heart to make vanity the ruling and directing principle of his hero's mind; on that material he erects the cha-

racter of Sir Hargrave Pollexfeu; no wonder then that my correspondent, who, after all, I believe to have the same good heart he ever had, failed in his enterprize after superior excellence. I know very well how difficult it is to convince men of serious truths; but arithmetic, the pounds, shillings, and pence of temporal benefit and advantage they will readily attend to, and pleasure often engages them to the contemplation of good as well as evil. We will suppose a man of pure mind and morals just setting out into life, modest from nature, unambitious from principle; if such a man meets with any checks in the plan he has proposed himself, he is regardless of the consequences; they can affect him but little: he has not taken the upper end of the table, and cannot therefore be sent much lower down; assuming no eminence of place, he loses none, and his unaffected humility creates, at length, genuine and just respect. The best character that a man of good heart and of good intentions in society can adopt is, his own. The chief excellencies, those of the mind, may certainly be sometimes improved from example, as well as the manners; but then the desire of that improvement must be founded upon that true principle that emulates the worth, and not the fame of the character. A good man is in all situations the same; no adversity can degrade him: and in prosperity, when all admire him, he feels not that his value is increased. As for the resolutions that men are apt to form from time to time, particularly in the moments of remorse, they are seldom effectual; and only remind us of the gay Lord Lyttleton,

who used to say, that he had the *resolution* to make *resolutions*, but not the *resolution* to keep them. The surer way is to divert our minds from vicious habits, by a due consideration of the pleasures and advantages attendant upon virtue; resolutions are rude fetters voluntarily put on the inclinations, but which cannot hold or secure them long; they are painful and irksome to us, and we gladly receive the emboldened vice that will loosen them. To be good, we must be pleased in our endeavours to become so, and the work will then be easy and successful.

Having had occasion to speak of the conduct and of the manners of men in life, I shall present my readers with the following song upon the subject, written in the Moon, and called

LIFE'S ARITHMETIC.

That the world it goes round by arithmetic's rules,
Is a matter of just observation;
When there's plenty of blockheads, and cyphers, and fools,
In the table of life's NUMERATION.

Thus, as soon as, heigh ho! we set out on the scale,
We begin to outlive our condition;
Then vices, and follies, and fashions prevail,
Just to add up a sum of ADDITION.

Then with dice, and with beautiful women and tall,
And with horses of figure and action;
We shall find to our cost, without teaching at all,
That we soon know the rule of SUBTRACTION.

Now married, we've plenty of business to do,
For a wife makes a great alteration;
With her dresses and pins, and her pin-money too,
And then there's your MULTIPLICATION.

But though various the pleasures we taste in a wife,
Yet conjugal joys are a vision:
For no sooner the parties are settled for life,
Than they work a sum in DIVISION.

There's one rule that will serve us wherever we go,
That has stood from the day of creation;
It is, to practice what's right, as far as we know,
And the proof—it is *self approbation.*

It was remarked by a wit of the present time, at a public table, of one of the company who happened to say little or nothing for a considerable time, That the gentleman had got a *vacancy.* Such a vacancy appears, at present, in the gossip of the day. Heaven and earth, sea and air, and the whole animal creation, have been ransacked to afford novel entertainment. Balloons, diving bells, swimming ladies, Mamelukes, and Newfoundland dogs; what is to succeed I cannot myself determine, so various and changeable are the pursuits of the two foolish nations, France and England. Perhaps, being near Christmas time, the ladies may like a game at hunt the slipper, with Cinderella, in Drury-lane; though the poor dog has not yet made his farewell speech, numerous are the puns and witticisms still made upon the harmless quadruped. Amongst others, the manager was asked, a few days ago, if Carlo gave *orders?* the answer was, No, sir, he would not part with a *bone,* I assure you. I deem it however unfair to quiz the honest animal; he is by far the most natural performer I have noticed since the days of Garrick, and I hope that his theatrical

career will not end with the performance of a particular part, as that of many a very great performer has done, but that he may have a constant engagement, and that some of the dramatists of the present day may write for him; the analogies of taste and genius will be then preserved.

> Well suited are their doggrel rhymes,
> To these wretched doggrel times.

The new performer might have, perhaps, a part in the musical entertainment of Cinderella, now in preparation, and might be made to hunt the slipper to great advantage, though I conceive there is little doubt of the success of the piece, and that from the subject it may possibly put the proprietors *on a better footing*. Numerous, too, are the enquiries upon this subject, How is Miss D— to be represented, is she to enter O. P. in a dust cart, *with the rich cinders round her lovely waist*, or is she to have a neat and elegant coal scuttle in one hand, and a shovel and broom in the other? The last would certainly be the best adapted costume for the character, and the sing song slut cannot fail to please.

Good heavens! what is this that I observe? the seats of one of the temples of taste and genius, where wit and humour constantly preside, scarcely half filled. Whither are its accustomed visitors engaged? Is it to see the four-footed rag merchant, that they abandon an entertainment replete with true and genuine amusement? return to it again; it is *yourselves* who

are the greatest losers after all, for you will forfeit the respect you owe to *yourselves*, and another and a better age will criminate you, as we pretend to criminate the supine and senseless multitude who allowed a Chatterton to perish. Bartolozzi, the great, the sublime, the unequalled Bartolozzi has left you, and every inimitable sketch of his, is a stain upon the national character that will never rub out. Do you mean to allow the man who has encouraged the cause of virtue, the cause of loyalty, the cause of humanity to want, because your taste is changed? Know, that the true taste for talent, for genius, for wit can never change; it must approve as long as the world exists; the connoisseur in painting knows the touch of the master, and still cries out in rapture, this is a Reuben, this is a Carracci. It is only the vain pretenders to taste who mistake the copy for the original, and who are pleased with the daub of the sign painter. Merit may want a dinner, character it will always have; the country may have wealth, character it may not always have from that venal source.

It is impossible to imagine a cause for the neglect of merit and genius in a country where so much boast is made of liberality, and certainly the English may justly be called a kind hearted people. Yet there is so much spirit of trade and traffic among them, that the fine arts, and the belles lettres are held in a sort of tacit contempt: poets and painters are considered as no very useful members of the community by those who cannot estimate the advantages of enlightening

and refining the understanding of the vulgar, and whose primum mobile is money. Money atchieves every thing in England; yet the liberal arts have had their gradation to excellence, as well as their degradation in that country, and, perhaps, when this speculating, vaporous, and fantastic age shall have passed away, with its phantasmagoria of genius, that good sense may be revived which can discover talent, and foster genius wherever it finds it.

The Man in the Moon has opportunities of observing a great deal, and being independent of any views, but the general happiness of his fellow creatures, he thus boldly asserts the cause of merit; he loves a man of genius, and will never relax in his endeavours to engage a portion of mankind, at least, in the support of its claims. It is the design of the Man in the Moon to give, in a future Number, some tributes to the merits of living persons in the different walks of life who have aided, by their talents, the great purposes of ameliorating the condition of mankind, who have improved the general mind of society, and whose influences have directed their actions in a greater or less degree to good.

Z.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

"Virtue alone is happiness below."
POPE.

NUMBER XIV. *Wednesday, 28th Dec.* 1803.

MUCH moral and useful instruction may be obtained from a fair and candid consideration of the disagreeable circumstances, occupations, and engagements into which we voluntarily throw ourselves, not content with the evil of the day which is sufficient, but seeking opportunies, as it were, to make our situations more irksome, and all things worse than they really are. And this consideration may be pursued to still greater advantage, by contrasting the disagreeable things of life with the agreeable things within our reach, and which are by far more numerous and valuable than we have perhaps ever imagined; and many of them so secure in their nature from the miseries of regret, ruin, or remorse, that it is astonishing they are not more frequently chosen by man, who is, by nature, an epicure, and that they are not distinguished by the name of pleasures. Perhaps these valuable items escape our observation in the catalogue of the incidents of life, because we chuse to purchase its most expensive and ornamental furniture, however useless or brittle; though perhaps by the time the lot arrives home, the house is shut up, and its owner to be seen no more.

I shall, however, avoid treating this subject gravely; it is by no means an unpleasant one, and if better understood by man, he would wonder how it had happened that he had missed so many opportunities of happiness, rejected so many means of tasting true satisfaction, and abandoned so often the substantial for the empty and transitory delight of the placentia sensus; perversely chusing the sweets which contain a poison in preference to the sweets which are both delightful and salubrious.

Perhaps the first in rank, and the most agreeable thing to the nature of man, is love. I mean that love which is the mother of charity, good-nature, and complacency for our fellow-creatures; which instructs us to pity, to help, and to relieve, which can abate by its mild interferences the sternness of justice, which can retard the impetus of misfortune, or defeat the malignant power of an enemy in favour of any suffering fellow creature it may meet with. How excellent a quality then is love, to soften and solace the rigours of a life bending to the yoke of moral and physical evil; and why is not its principles distributed by the precepts of education from school to school through the universe, as the true rudiment of happiness.

I shall next speak of that love which is the inclination of the two sexes for each other, both in compliment to the ladies, and because it ranks as the third law of nature, and possesses in its chaste character the richest store of extatic delights presented to man. Listen to the language of the lover. "When my

dear Sacharissa consented to the appointment of the evening, to meet her beneath the row of elms, I impatiently watched the dial which promised to produce a moment of so much delight. I anticipated all the luxuries of a chaste and delicate interview. At length the time of meeting arrived, a thrill of exquisite pleasure ran through my veins; it was at the approach of my Sacharissa, my breast became agitated with the tumults of love. She gave me her hand, and love and joy fluttered their wings about my heart. In walking, the tender Sacharissa inclined her bosom to me, and as she leant on my arm seemed to imagine me her protector; her beautiful and expressive eyes frequently met mine, their soft fluid sparkling with the liveliness of love and pleasure. When we were seated, her hand was within mine, and the dialogue was friendship, pity, and sometimes love. When Sacharissa spoke of the deceit and falsehood of the world, the generous blush that covered her face pictured a soul of constancy and truth.

"————Her pure and eloquent blood
"Spoke in her cheek, and so divinely wrought,
"That one might almost say her body thought."

It may naturally be supposed that marriage should follow, and so it does naturally enough; and notwithstanding what cross old bachelors may say on the subject, matrimony contains a larger portion of happiness for man than any other state, provided the affinities of mind and fortune are attended to in the choice of the object. Methinks, before I end the chapter of love, it may be proper to say something of

the enamoured swain, who is a prey to the inquietudes of an unrequited passion. Such an one I observe, by the light of the moon, at this moment walking to and fro by the side of a river, ruminating on the divine object of his misery. Would to heaven that some press-gang were at hand to bear him away from such useless solicitude; nothing but main force can extricate him from the tyranny of the gentle Saphorina, and nothing less than the boatswain's pipe rouse him from the soft lethargies of despair, in which he is constantly entranced. It was humorously said by a physician, who happened to notice a young man in love eat very heartily of some rump steaks, that the distemper was turned; perhaps a good rump may be a specific, and it is certainly an inoculation that many hungry lovers would gladly consent to try.

Charity is another charm and delight of human life which has capabilities of spreading abroad peace and good will; it embraces the universe with its endearments, and receives to its bosom the erring heart which seeks forgiveness, and which needs support; above the meanness of making distinctions, it furnishes the table of hospitality to all, and excludes not any from its abundant feast. It warms, delights, and invigorates the drooping heart, chilled by disappointment, and, hand in hand with hope, travels the world to cheer and bless mankind.

Cheerfulness is another blessing to man. Cheerfulness is ever the companion of a good heart; for a bad man is never thoroughly at rest, and though he may

attempt gaiety, the smile he wears is only an exterior which the world has taught him, and which, after all, but ill conceals a mind distracted. In short, a good heart is the ground work of all the enjoyments and entertainments of the mind; safe within its little independent territory, desired by humility and prescribed by reason, without internal commotion, it cares little for the foreign wars of envy, malice, and the world.

Numerous indeed are the domestic comforts and incidental pleasures of life which are built on the ground work of love, charity, good nature, complacency and cheerfulness of mind. I am just in the humour to enumerate some of them as very agreeable. A pleasant walk in summer with an intelligent and lively female; a tete-a-tete by a comfortable fire side with the same subject; the endearments of children; the conversation of a man of merit; a visit to the poor, or sick; to snatch from cruel persecution the hunted animal, be it a dog or a cat; to repress undue influence; to oppose the cruelty of power; to assert the cause of the injured, are things that afford the best entertainment to a rational mind. Then let man look round, and let me ask him if there are no agreeable things in life? Does not hope still attend him as a morning star? Does not nature open her bounteous stores to bless him? Let him observe the rising of the glorious sun, and view the pure azure of the firmament; listen to the lark, ascending the acclivity of the hill to meet the healthful breeze, and then return to his domestic comforts, and say if he is unhappy. Hast thou no wife, no sister, no children, no neighbours to

form a little social compact? Have all thy friends been false, or is it the unevennesses and inconstancies of thine own disposition that have disgusted thee with life?

There are, however, always to be found in society, a set of people who appear, as if intended by providence, to prove to us the blessings of peace and goodwill, and who are in a constant state of warfare with themselves and the rest of the world. These are the proud, the peevish, the surly, the tenacious, the capricious, and the hypochondriac. The proud man has the exclusive privilege of being solitarily miserable, and only disturbs society when society attempts to disturb his consequence. The peevish man is not so reserved; he answers every thing, but it is with a pettishness that gives pain and disgust. The surly man is a brute, that snarls and bites at every thing within his reach. The capricious man is worth nothing, unless you could buy in and sell out of his friendship as you do Bank stock. The tenacious man is offensive to society, because he catches at what was never meant, and disturbs *good* company by his *bad* manners. The hypochondriac is scarcely more sufferable; he is always complaining, always ill; and, except that he eats, drinks, and sleeps just as well as other people, you would fancy as he does—that he is dying. One of these profest hypochondriacs took it into his head that one part of his body was made of glass; no persuasion, no argument could convince him to the contrary, until, luckily, one day his servant happened to displace his chair from behind him, when the hypochondriac fell

backwards on that particular part to the ground, when rubbing it, with astonishment he exclaimed, very seriously, " Well, now I am convinced that it is not made of glass."

The ignorant are another teizing and tormenting class of society. I do not mean to apply that ignorance which wears the countenance of modest inquiry, or that of the man whose knowledge of the human heart, and of the world, is frequently more than an equivalent for erudition. My satire will be levelled at the vain presumptuous blockhead who gets upon the shoulders of another, or mounts upon the stilts of his own absurd miscomprehension, and fancies he is very great indeed; to see this urchin fallen in the dirt, is a triumph whenever it happens, and another of the agreeable incidents of life.

So widely do men differ in their opinions of happiness from their relative situations in life, that *Pecunius* often declares, that there is nothing that can be called misery or misfortune, but the being in debt; and *Connubius* asserts, that there is no real ill but matrimony. *Pecunius* is so tender upon the subject of his personal inconveniencies, that a friend, who called in one morning, happening to say, that he had got into hot water, *Pecunius* replied, " Hot water, sir! why I am perfectly parboiled." And *Connubius* never is introduced to a stranger, but he enquires if he is married; so that, in truth, the old proverb, that nobody knows where the shoe pinches but the wearer, has a great deal of truth, and perhaps some rooted care may fester in the

breasts of many who appear at ease. *Fallacius* had a fine house, parks, and lawns, carriages and servants; his friend *Merodius*, who had, for the first time, paid him a visit after his marriage, flattered him on the advantages of fortune which he possessed, and exclaimed, "Oh, *Fallacius*, how happy you must be, circumstanced as you are, with all the blessings of life." *Fallacius* only answered, "*Merodius*, you don't know." The sumptuous repast was now ready, and *Merodius* sat down to it. The lady of the house was at the head of the table, and engaged her guests, with smiles of affability, to partake of the feast. The beautiful *Lucretia* was courteous, was attentive; but the beautiful *Lucretia* was tipsey. She had applied early in the morning, as she was accustomed to do, to the rich stores of her husband's cellar, thrown open upon the occasion. Her fine eyes sparkled, it is true, but it was with the fluid of the grape; her action was graceful, it is true, but somewhat unsteady. Some discreet ladies had the kindness to say, that she was ill; but this friendship only made the worse. The beautiful *Lucretia* opened the torrent of abuse, insisted that nothing was the matter, and fell into hysterics, until she was removed to her bed; after this *Fallacius* asked his friend, if he thought him so *completely happy*. *Fallacius* had married for a large fortune.

Z.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

"Policy effects great things with as little virtue as possible."
MONTESQUIEU.

NUMBER XV. *Saturday, 31st Dec.* 1803.

POLITICAL inconsistency is a theme so boundless in itself, and has been, of late, so abundantly supplied by contradictions to common sense, that this Paper would be little else than a chronological table of memorialized absurdities, if it were not that the subject must necessarily lead to some pertinent observations. Of these political eccentricities I shall mention but a few; as some of them at least are, I dare say (without offence to my printer) typographical errors, or *mis-steaks*, such as in my last Number. I shall chiefly observe upon the system of rancorous abuse, servile adulation, defamatory hand-bills, contemptuous squibs, &c. with which the scene-shifters, and property-men of the state, have thought proper to entertain the public. The first of these, *rancorous abuse*, being a war drug, and calculated for the common stomach of the people, is generally administered in large doses; and though it may act as an emetic upon delicate organs, is admirably contrived to assist the digestion of the vulgar for war. In peace,

however, another treatment was thought necessary, though, owing to a mistake in the labels, the first mixtures were for some time given in such quantities, that the nauseousness of them offended the olfactory nerves of the Great Potentate with whom we had just shook hands. Whether this was owing to a blunder, or to that second sight which picked out from the chapter of futurity another *falling out*, I must not presume to determine. Certain it is, that many enlightened people, who had been doctored for the war complaint, thought a change of climate necessary, and actually bent at the throne, and did eat of the dinner of the *much-abused* great man, and it was only from the good advice of a general officer of understanding and merit, that the flower of the English navy was prevented from paying *his* court to the gaudy puppet of the French nation. Such of them however as were lucky enough to get upon their own ground, began to crow as loud as ever; and every blackguard placard was invented to issue incredible lies, to excite the horror and aversion of the multitude. Surely, however, that true affection of the people called Amor Patriæ, which has seldom, even in the time of the Romans, been better defined than by the brilliant atchievements of many Englishmen, cannot stand in need of so wretched a stimulus. Patriotism comprehends a love for the country which gives comfort and safety to the subject, with an equal protection of the laws. Shall it be *necessary* then to *bolster* up a good cause with such wretched stuffing? No; it is only *necessary* to say, that the country is endanger-

ed by injustice, and every good and just man will sally forth in its defence; the misfortune is, that truth, all-powerful as it is from its nature, is often mistrusted, and thought unequal to our designs. Thus politicians consider deception allowable; and thus corruption too, creeps through the members of the commonweal, because it is thought that it must be so, and that we must go with the stream. I shall endeavour, however, to show the odiousness of venality.

It happens, sometimes, that we are obliged to give credit to the illiterate for fine sallies of wit and genuine humour. I remember that at the last general election for Westminster, a gentleman who was desirous to get upon the hustings at Covent-garden, thought he would indulge his vein for satire by an appropriate address to the constable who guarded the entrance; "I believe (cried he, putting a shilling in his hand) that there is a little corruption here." "Yes, sir, (answered the man with a significant look at the shilling) but this is *too little.*"

I cannot pass over a remarkable fact, which actually took place only a few years since:—A poor man, who had for a length of time solicited from his county member the place of an extra tidesman in town, at last obtained a letter to Mr. J——n. Nothing elates one more than the prospect of a place; the poor countryman came to town with the letter in his hand, and thought his business done; he soon found his way to the office,

but whether it was not office hours, or from what other cause, I will leave the reader to judge, the poor fellow could get no access to the great man, nor even admittance for his letter, although it was a general delivery day for a number of people like himself; but the porter shoved him on the one side, and the messengers on the other, and the office-keeper, in the bustle and importance of business, almost knocked the letter out of his hand. In short, the poor place hunter was at a fault, and having made repeated trials, with the same ill success, retreated one day, after similar disappointments, into a little public house, and seating himself in a corner box, by the fire side, called for a pint of ale, and vented the cause of his grief to the landlord, of whom he made many enquiries, and expressed his apprehensions that the gentleman he had been to was involved in debt; for that he was denied to every living creature, and that he could not even get in a letter, for fear (he supposed) that it might be a summons. The good landlord smiled at his simplicity, and informed him of *another way* to get in; for which information the countryman stood a treat of a glass of brandy and water. Jahn returned to the great house, when he thought that he might, with propriety, halve the recommendation the landlord thought so necessary. Whether this recipe was an alkali or not, I will leave the reader to determine; certain it is, that it neutralized the acid so predominant in the physical character of the porter; he looked askance at the letter, and at the postage, nodded his head, and told Jahn

to call the next day. Jahn went again to his friend, the landlord, to acquaint him with his success, and thought that he had now overcome all his difficulties. The next day the poor countryman returned, and gave a knock of some better assurance at the door; but the gentleman porter, who was troubled with the disease of his master, a defect of recollection, had totally forgot the face of the applicant. Jahn had good sense to recollect the *refreshers* for counsel which the lawyer once had charged him in his bill, for conducting a cause at the assizes, and parted with the other half of the recommendation. In short, he had only stopped two hours, when the same gentleman desired him to follow him to an anti-chamber, where Mr. J——n was seated, reading official dispatches. Jahn stood at an awful distance, at last Mr. J——n recollected the letter, and half perusing it, as a reviewer does a new work, understood its merits just as well. "I am very sorry, (cried Mr. J——n) that Mr. Borough has made this application just now, for there is no vacancy." "No vacancy, Sir!" (cried Jahn, staring and trembling for his place at the same time:) "Not a single vacancy," (replied the statesman). Jahn gaped, and began considering, when, after scratching his head, and snapping the finger and thumb of his right hand, as if something lucky had struck him, he edged by degrees to the side of Mr. J——n, and as softly as he could, laid down by his right elbow *a guinea*, but which guinea was unnoticed by Mr. J——n, until Jahn, who was determined not to part so, gave the Minister a gentle jog. Mr. J——n startled, but still without noticing the

guinea; "I tell you, (cried he,) that there is no vacancy." "Do look again, an' you please, sir, (cried Jahn) and mayhap you may find one; I gave something to *get into the house*, you know, and here's something, if your honor won't be affronted, to *get into pleace*." Mr. J——n reddened at what would have been an insult from any but an ignorant man, felt an unmeant reproof that scandalized the office which he held, and putting the guinea in the poor fellow's hand, dismissed him with an order for the place he wanted.

Although I know the above story to be a fact, yet I do not mean, by any means, to infer that there is any such thing as buying boroughs or places. I know that people think themselves very clever in making these wanton assaults and accusations, for which I think they richly deserve punishment. And I really do not see why a great man in place should not have the benefit of an action of damages, since admitting that such a thing as buying places might have existed here or there, yet truth is a libel, if a man suffers in trade by wanton representations of it; and certainly a man who might be so held up, would not be able to carry on his business the same as before; besides, the man who wants a place ought to have more decency and discretion to treat principles, (principals, I mean) with so much bluntness. It is the manner of doing a thing that is every thing, and I do very much object to any *grossierètès* in these matters, and shall always consider the man *out of place* who cannot manage better. But all this misconception of men and manners pro-

ceeds from that mistaken philosophy which tries every thing by first principles, and which unreasonably denies that there can be virtue in politics, in war, or in trade, and that those things are all branches of physical evil. Now I differ from this materially, and am of opinion with Lord Kaimes; that as for war, it calls all the energy of the people into action, and that it produces instances of exalted courage and humanity, which could never have happened if so many *common useless* people had not been slaughtered to produce the stage effect of military virtue. As for politics, it infers so many trials of good faith in treaties, and of princely liberalities, that we are astonished at the presumption of people who pretend (for it is merely philosophical pretension) to doubt of the existence of virtue in politics; and for trade, if it were not for virtue in trade, how many overcharges should we be subjected to, and surely the reasonableness of every article shews how nicely the analogies of politics, war, and trade are preserved for the benefit of society. It is true, that some may prefer peace and the fine arts; but politics is a much *finer art* than any other, though not so well understood as painting or engraving; it has, nevertheless, boasted many great masters, whose *battle pieces* are yet remembered.

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I congratulate my friends below, that, agreeable to my predictions, they are just now eating their Christmas roast beef and plumb pudding without asking leave of the Chief Consul of France; it is true that he still threatens our shores, but when *every officer of*

*military talent*, from the highest rank to the subaltern, are all engaged in our defence, we can have little to apprehend.

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Some antiquaries, walking last Sunday up Primrose-hill, discovered, in a place where the earth had been newly turned up, a leaden bullet, which engaged them to borrow a spade, and explore farther; when, after digging with a great deal of pains and caution, they obtained, at last, a considerable quantity of the same kind of bullets, all of a round form, from which they immediately drew the inference that some famous battle had been formerly fought on that ground.

Several volunteer corps had skirmished there the same week.

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The Glass Slipper is put off; but whether owing to its not having *fitted* the principal performer, or to its not having been sent home in time, is not yet divulged to the public. I know the cause, but *nullum numen abest si sit prudentia*. Z.

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ERRATUM.—P. 108, l. 14, add *steak*.
109, l. 28, for ascending read ascend.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

"A happy New Year to you."
NEW YEAR'S DAY.

NUMBER XVI. *Wednesday, 4th Jan.* 1804.

A HAPPY new year to my readers! may they enjoy a continuance of the blessings of the last, and be able to diminish all that remains of it unpleasant. May the untoward circumstances of ill success cease to annoy them, and may their enemies lose the power to do them harm. May they set out on the journey of another year with fresh hopes, and fresh spirits, accompanied by that Providence which for Moses brought water from a rock, and gave a safe passage to the Israelites through the Red Sea, and which every day (for every day is a day of mercy) still continues to work seeming miracles for those who have faith in the goodness and power of the Almighty.

I trust that some reflections upon this revolving æra will not be unacceptable. To think of what is past, and upon what may hereafter happen; I mean without darksome prospects of calamity. To take stock, as it were, of our good and bad habits, of the profits of our good managements, and of the loss occasioned by our mistakes and blunders, is *opus diei in*

*die suo.* A work fit and proper for the day, and will not only prove a moral advantage, but, will, considered as a matter of business, assist every man in his future temporal concerns. Let none be disheartened at looking into the account, or at the number of bad debts on their books, which have arisen from trusting to pride, vanity, the promises of pleasure, or of vice; but rather let them put them at the back of the ledger, and think no more about them, any further than to take care not to trust them again.

The parable of our Saviour, " Lord, let it alone this year also," is an excellent lesson for those who have unemployed or mis-spent the time, or neglected the various opportunities offered them of success and happiness. The parable says:—that there was a certain man who possessed a vineyard, in which we may fairly suppose his chief profit, and much of his pleasure consisted. It represents him as viewing with anxious expectation the coming harvest of his tenderness and care; he notices, among other objects of his cultivation, a fig-tree, barren, and without fruit; he views it around with an anxious look, big with disappointment and sorrow at its appearance, he stops, looks at it again, and after a moment's hesitation calls out to the dresser of his vineyard, " Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none; cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" Such were the orders given by the master of the vineyard, and to the fullest extent would they have been obeyed, had not the dresser of the vines, who had hopes of even

this fig-tree, compassionately answered, "LORD, LET IT ALONE THIS YEAR ALSO."

Let us endeavour to apply this parable.—I believe that it will need but a little fair examination to confess that too many, like the barren fig-tree, only cumber the earth. The great Lord of the vineyard, who planted man in a good and fruitful soil, and whose providential hand raised him to a fair and full growth, has, I am afraid, too often looked in vain for the harvest of his love and care; and after that full and perfect growth, three years perhaps have passed without even the blossom of the fruit appearing, the anxious care of the first dressers of the vineyard, his parents, have perhaps availed little, though they have anxiously removed from about their tender plants (as far as in them lay) every noxious weed, and pruned out numberless superfluous shoots of folly, and luxuriant error. After all, no promise of fruit appears; yet manured with the advantages of education, and fenced round with the experience and caution of aged vine-dressers, much might have been expected.

The human mind is then the fig-tree in the parable, and the dresser of the vineyard, there represented, the Saviour himself; whose charity and love appears in the kind expressive language, LORD, LET IT ALONE THIS YEAR ALSO. In the picturesque scenery of life, parents are the first dressers of the tender plants, committed by the great master of the vineyard to their care; until, at length, the young labourer is thought

of sufficient age and experience to take care of his own vine, and then it arrives that either it improves and comes to bear good fruit, or it is useless and unprofitable as the fig-tree in the parable; the weeds of sloth often choke our good intentions, numerous bad habits spring up which prevent the growth of virtue, the frequent blights of bad example destroy the opening blossom, and the tree withers just as it has begun to bloom. It is barren and without fruit. Wretched is the situation of that fig-tree, should the lord of the vineyard turn his all-seeing eye towards it at the moment, and exclaim, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"

But the dresser of the vineyard answered, LORD, LET IT ALONE THIS YEAR ALSO; and it should appear by what follows in the parable, that the tree was spared, for he adds, "and if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then after that, thou shalt cut it down." There is something grateful and delightful to the human breast in the idea, 'to spare,' it is compounded of love, mercy and charity; and be it but for a dog, the heart warms up with a glow of honest affection to save an old acquaintance. Let us recollect seriously how mercifully from year to year *we* have been spared; and yet, alas! one day passes on after another, without the slightest appearance of blossom, the tree still remains barren, that with a little attention might have become fair and fruitful. Melancholy the idea, that it should remain so until the time may arrive when it must be cut down; however, a happy circumstance it is, that the lord of

the vineyard has permitted even the unfruitful fig-tree to remain for this year also. Take then a little care, and the blossom will soon appear; it is not so much trouble to attend to it as is pretended, the culture is easy, and it only requires to be looked to morning and night. The lord of the vineyard will then admire the fruitful fig-tree, he will praise it above the others in the vineyard, he will rejoice over it, and allow it to remain to flourish upon earth, until the time when he will transplant it where no chilling blights can hurt it, and where it will bloom in the sunshine of eternal glory.

To unbend from the more serious reflections, a *new* year's day generally brings with it a variety of *new* plans, regulations, improvements, and resolutions. It is astonishing how very clever, how very attentive to business, and how very industrious every one intends to be. Tom Drowsy, who is, really, when perfectly awake, the most active and pains-taking fellow in the world, resolves to begin the new year as he ought, and to rise every morning at seven o'clock, and so he does the very *first* morning. It it pleasant to hear Tom declare how delightful it is to rise early, what spirits it gives a man for business through the day; in short, he is perfectly astonished how any body can endure lying a-bed, and adds the sage observation, that if we lose an hour in the morning, we run after it the whole day, without being able to overtake it. The next morning, the careless stupid servant girl forgets to call Tom as usual, and the night preceding the day after, Tom staid out very late; Tom begins now to say less about

rising early, and at length he becomes again what he always was, and I fear ever will be, the same identical Tom Drowsy. Bill Blunder is another of these anniversary reformists; the *first* day of every new year he buys a new pocket book, with ruled pages for cash, memorandums, &c. in which he is now actually determined to keep clear and correct accompts; and so he does, for in the very *first* page you may notice—Cash received of Mr. Wilson, five pounds—Cash lent to Mr. Tilson, ten shillings and sixpence—bought a new broom for the maids, three shillings—dinner, seven shillings—spent at the play, entrance, six shillings; in the coffee-room, five shillings; incidental expences, three pounds three shillings. However, the next night Bill comes home tipsy, puts off his entries until the next morning, and forgets one half of them; and a day or two after, Bill positively forgets whether he lent Mr. Tilson a two pound, or Mr. Tilson lent it him. Bill's accompts are now become so completely puzzled, that he gives up the attempt to disentangle them, and the remaining pages will, if he chuses to begin afresh, serve for the next year. Tom Tarnish is the next anniversary reformist that I have noticed; he is always resolved upon the *first* day of a new year to begin the *vita perfecta*, to forsake all his bad habits, to begin to study hard, and to be discreet and prudent. The first day of the new year, Tom is always found shut up in his chambers, poring over immense folios; he looks wise, and steady; his father and his friends, who happen to call to wish him a happy new year, with difficulty get admittance to see him, and when they enter his room it resembles

from the scenery of the volumes on the floor, Stonehenge. Tom is in the midst, but full of his new scheme; he scarcely notices his father, and they all leave him astonished at the new life he is about to lead. The Friday following, his old school-fellow, Harry Scamper, looks in, asks him to take a walk; Tom leaves the folios on the floor, sallies forth, determined to return immediately; stays out till three o'clock in the morning; comes home drunk in a hackney coach; has lost his watch and money; reflects the next day at breakfast, and finds himself the very same Tom Tarnish that he was the last year. Jack Ledger is a very different character to the former; he has actually kept an account for several years of all his *comings in* and *goings out*. Jack Ledger can tell to a shilling his balance at the year's end, and can fill up the schedule of the income tax without a moment's hesitation. There never was a man so correct as Jack Ledger; but, alas, Jack's mind is a mere *waste book*, in which nothing has been set down but buying and selling, cash received, and cash paid. Jack's ideas are ruled for pounds, shillings, and pence; and it would not be at all surprising, after dissection, to find his brain a complete numeration table; in short, there is nothing of value to Jack, but *value received*. This, now, is a truly methodical character, and every new year will begin with as much correctness, and continue as correct as the former.

Nothing can be more pleasant than to be clear and consistent without the slavish exactness of the common trader. Let us endeavour to be as correct and

just as we can, and though folly may sometimes fill up a place in the journal, we may indulge the hope, that the balance may nevertheless be in our favour; since, in a just accompt, the debtor and creditor's sides are added up. Do not let us despair even of overcoming the habits that have interfered with our book-keeping; or, above any thing, allow one interruption or neglect to dishearten us from going on in general correctness, nor let us confine the recommencement of our resolutions to a *new* year's day. Every, or any day will serve to begin a good work; and if we are not perfectly correct, we may be so much so as to inform us within a little of the state of our accompt. It is the bad man alone who commences his course again, with new oppressions and extortions, who has entirely to change the character of his mind; for weaknesses and foibles, though it is our duty to overcome and forsake them, are within the meaning of that forgiveness which knows the nature of human infirmity, and which will not set down in the great account of ALL those errors which bring their punishment with them, in the same page with the complicated enormities of the wicked, which poison and destroy the happiness of their fellow creatures, and which are perhaps past atonement. Z.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

"Who can but love the sex? whoever hates it, is a stranger to virtue, grace, and humanity."
AGRIPPA'S DEFENCE.

NUMBER XVII. *Saturday, 7th Jan.* 1804.

I HAVE just received a very *serious* remonstrance from Miss Arabella Lively; which, as it also conveys something like a hint for a little mischief, I shall give it in her own words, that her friends may know to whom they are indebted for my animadversions on the fair sex.

"MY DEAR MR. MAN IN THE MOON,

"What can you possibly have been thinking of all this time? you certainly have forgotten like a true man the promise you made in one of your very first Numbers, that the affairs of the ladies should sometimes be attended to. Instead of which, your Paper contains nothing but dull politics, purity, morals, Buonaparte, Newfoundland dogs, &c. &c. but not one single word about Madame Lanchester, fashions, thin drapery, *ridicules*, &c.; and then your characters are man people, as if we were not as busy and as conspicuous as they are in society. But, perhaps, you are of the same opinion with Mr. Pope, who said, "most wo-

men have no characters at all." I know that a great deal of nonsense may be written upon any subject; but with due deference to yourself, and Mr. Pope, we are very much characterised, and therefore ought to be satirised in the present day; and I insist that there are, from time to time, more prominent characters among us than among your sex. For my part, I candidly confess, that I like to quiz myself, for the delightful satisfaction it gives me of quizzing other people. My dear Mr. Man in the Moon, your Paper never will succeed, unless you are a little scandalous. It will never have one half the sale of Madame Lanchester's Dress Book, unless you can draw living characters. Come, come, if it were not that I do not wish to be absolutely ill-natured, I could help ye to a few for you to begin with; for instance, my own cousin, the soft and delicate Miss Bellamira Blushington, who went with us last summer in a barge to Richmond; who, though fashion had stript her almost naked, was so very modest that she could not bear any body to look at her, and actually fainted away because a gentleman next her happened to touch her bare elbow. Then there is the amiable and accomplished Mrs. Anchovy, Alderman Anchovy's wife, who, one day, at a city feast, got a piece of hot potatoe into her mouth, and made as great a variety of ugly faces with the torture as a mountebank at a fair, before her politeness would let her sputter it out on her plate. By the elegant way she orders her knife and fork, you may know that her husband is a volunteer; and her next door neighbour, at dinner, is always in dread when the amiable Mrs.

Anchovy carries arms. You would be delighted, Mr. Man in the Moon, to see Mrs. Alderman Anchovy carve a goose; she seizes a tremendous knife and fork, and stands up, her arms being nearly at right angles with her body, and then she haggles at a wing, until it flies off into the plate of one of the astonished guests, with a sufficient quantity of gravy; yet Mrs. Anchovy is *monstrously* refined, and cannot bear any thing *vulgar*. I think that this character would do very well, drest with your *sauce piquante*. Apropos, another has just come into my head, Miss Bridget Hopkins, the methodist clergyman's daughter; I had one day the curiosity to look over her father's shoulder, at the head or skeleton of one of his discourses, when I observed he had quoted an author whose name I could not recollect for the life of me, it was *Harry Stottle;* until, upon enquiry of the preacher, I found that the author meant was the great Aristotle himself. This is a fact, upon my honour. Miss is musical, and always entertains her friends with singing psalms, accompanied by her two little ugly brothers, one of whom takes the treble, the other the counter tenor, and Miss the base. *C'est un drole ragout cela.* I am afraid that I shall be tiresome, otherwise I could give you a charming groupe of female characters; if you chuse to accept them, let me know; but, perhaps, you will chuse to begin with *me*; do, if you please, most satirical sir. I am very fond of walking by the *light of the moon*. Adieu.

" I am, with much regard, yours,

*Grosvenor Street, Jan, 2d,* 1804. " ARABELLA LIVELY."

Immediately upon the receipt of the above letter, curiosity induced me to find out the residence of my fair correspondent in Grosvenor-street; when, through the accustomed aperture, the hole in the window shutter of her room, I discovered the amiable Miss Arabella Lively in a charming gossip with the amiable Miss Bellamira Blushington, and could hear her (for sound is instantly conveyed from the window shutter to my residence through the tube of the moon beam converging to my ear) using the most tender expressions to her friend: "My love, won't you take some coffee?"—"How well you do look to-night!"—"What a charming dress!" &c. &c. "O fye, Miss Arabella Lively, if you must be satirical, you should be sincere; besides, dare you talk of naked drapery, good heavens, how transparent!" Bellamira, and Arabella, charming cousins! "However there is some honesty in declaring that you don't mind being quizzed yourself, if you can but have the privilege of quizzing others." Now, my dear Miss Lively, do you know that I am in love with the whole sex; you will laugh immoderately, no doubt, at the idea of the Man in the Moon, who is represented an *old fellow*, as you call it, being so universal a gallant. I don't know how it is, but with a very few exceptions, I believe women, particularly English women, to be mild, gentle, affectionate creatures. I don't mean to beg this question of Mr. Timid, who has a scolding wife; or of Mr. Solus, whose wife ran away the other day with a captain. I mean to take the aggregate of virtue, grace, and accomplishment throughout the kingdom; and the

amount of virtue, grace, and accomplishment will be found immense, it enriches the empire. How tender of their offspring; how economical in their families; how attentive to the moral and religious duties of life are women. I do believe, if it were not that modest women, by their chaste endearments restrain the licentiousness of man, society would cease to exist.

Now with respect to the nakedness of the ladies, I shall attempt a word or two in their defence: I compare the female character to TRUTH, and every body knows that the *naked truth* is best; the reason is, that TRUTH has a beautiful and lovely form, and shame can never be attached to it. Now the comparison is clear. The ladies of the present day have beautiful and lovely forms, and very little shame; ergo, they resemble TRUTH. I shall not say a word about the new invented corsets, since they help *to make up things* to advantage, and as the embonpoint is all the fashion; nor about red elbows, since the pink dye is the rage. I long positively for the next masquerade, or to be introduced to this famous Madame Lanchester, that I may know how to *undress* the ladies of the moon, of whose manners and customs I intend hereafter to give some account.

Z.

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" SIR,

" FOR heaven's sake, Mr. Man in the Moon, whither, like Phaeton, are you driving full speed? do pause a moment ere you go a single step farther. Have

you any conception of the race of people you are enlightening with your rays of knowledge? and pray, why after all did you prefer illumining England? Is it because your brethren, the Israelites, there find an asylum? For the honour of humanity I will believe it to be so, and that pure gratitude influenced your motives. But, pray sir, take care what you do, or you will be caricatured in every print shop at the west end of the town; for know, sir, that the English are a nation of—not shopkeepers, as a great little man has advanced, but a nation of profile painters. You recollect what one of the ancients says of the origin of profiles; according to the imperfect image preserved in the saloon of my memory, I believe it was Quintilian, or if it was not him it must be somebody else; for I, being of the modern school, am utterly unable to forge it, even in this age of forgeries. However, if you read half the classics carefully over, you will probably find a passage beginning *habet in pictura speciam;* but as I hate all the classics, excepting Hoyle's Games, and the Racing Calendar, you will excuse my going on with the quotation; he tells us, that Apelles having to paint the portrait of a person who had lost an eye, he avoided introducing the disagreeable object by the invention of the profile. You know, Mr. Man in the Moon, that great examples form mighty precedents, and therefore in imitation of the immortal Appelles, the English paint entirely in profile. They are, upon my honour, sir, nothing but profile painters. Look at Peter Parasite's picture of my *Lord Lugubre,* his carbuncle nose, wide mouth, and irregular

eye-brows, are reduced in *plans*; and every one who sees the picture only, would swear that his lordship is a very handsome man. The fact is, that one side of his lordship's face is much smaller than the other, and less deformed; this side thin, which some call the right side, is what the painter chose. Yet even here the artist could not avoid flattering his lordship, who esteems it a devilish good likeness; though a whole party on being asked to say who it was painted for, were unable even to guess; when his lordship broke out in an oath, "Why, damme, it is me." A caricaturist, on seeing the picture displayed at Somerset-house, framed a counterpart, taking care to double every deformity—strange to tell, every body knew for whom it was intended. The graceful exterior of his lordship being amply described, the interior was reserved for the Annual Biographer, for his lordship, by means of newspaper paragraphs, for which he pays at least three hundred a year, has acquired some degree of popularity—notoriety, I would say. Now behold the assiduity of Mr. Anonymous, in the first instance, he gives an outline sketch of his lordship, "from a painting by Mr. Parasite, R. A. in the possession of his lordship." He then proceeds to delineate his lordship's mind, where he discovers learning, wit, and genuine humour, a refined understanding, and a heart hereditary noble and munificent. His lordship's taste, (he says) is the standard of worth and genius, and his opinions the result of profound erudition, and an extensive knowledge of human nature. Mr. Anonymous has not informed us how much he received for this

string of compliments; but he certainly deserves a remuneration for concealing that his lordship was hung up by the thumbs in one coffee-house, caned in a second, and kicked out of a third, for defrauding the house of a couple of bottles of claret which he had drank. Why did he not expatiate on the same horse-whipping which his lordship received at Newmarket, and his being dismissed from the army for cowardice? Why did not the panegyrist tell us, that Lord Lugubre shot his best hunter because he was a bad horseman, and that while guardian of a public charity, he appropriated the offerings of benevolence to his own avarice; that none but Lord Lugubre would have escaped the gallows for his crimes; and that wherever he goes, his vices and ugliness, which are in reality counterparts of each other, occasion him to be pointed out as a man to be hated, and as a monster to be shunned; but that was reserved probably for

" Your humble servant,

" QUIZ."

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*A Critique on the New Piece of Cinderella will be in the next Number.*

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

" Omnes ordines ad conservandam rempublicam, mente, voluntate, studio, virtute, voce, consentiunt."
CICERO, OR. 4. IN CAT.

NUMBER XVIII. *Wednesday, 11th Jan.* 1804.

TO THE MAN IN THE MOON,

" SIR,

" I SHALL thank you to give the underwritten a place in your paper, it is a just tribute to the volunteers of the country."

" IT has always been considered a memorable and glorious era in the political or moral history of a nation, when its citizens have cheerfully and voluntarily taken up arms in its defence. The most renowned periods of ancient times are those in which this virtue was most conspicuous, and there is such a natural and moral beauty in it, that it has not failed, whenever displayed, to win the applause of all succeeding ages. The most admired acts on record derive their charm from this source. We cannot separate the bravery of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans from their patriotism, nor forget that they died in the protection of their country.

"And when I contemplate that voluntary and universal association for the national defence, which England at this moment exhibits, I am tempted to assert that it does not yield the palm to all antiquity, nor do the annals of the world furnish another instance of the kind, which, upon a review of concomitant relations and circumstances, is worthy of a comparison with it. Methinks it is the delineation of a new feature in the character of man. Whilst, however, we regard the volunteers of this kingdom only as a body of men, who have, on some sudden occasion, cast away the implements of agriculture, and the tools of mechanic art, to assume the profession of arms, we must remember that the states of Greece and Rome also could once boast the union of citizen and soldier in the same person amongst them, yet it will be remembered also, that in them it arose from the very nature of their governments, their education and early prejudices, which principally conspired to this single point; and that though contemporary nations looked on, and feared, yet the philosopher wept that this grand feature of national character was as often employed in the cause of ambition, rapacity, or revenge, as on the side of patriotism and justice. He admired the principle, but deplored the dreadful consequences of such an instrument, when not used in the service of virtue. But amongst us, this general association of men—this thirst of arms—this iron front of war, is called forth by the voice of our country, which cries for aid, and by the sudden inspiration of that principle alone, which is called the LOVE OF IT. The states of Greece and Rome

from nations of soldiers might at any time call up their armies, already formed by vast labour and severe discipline; for the most powerful stimulatives actuated the willing, and the fear of perpetual infamy goaded on the tardy. The whole machine already existed, and needed but a hand to set it in motion. Nor do we even now wonder at the vast muster-roll of France, when we see it inscribed with the names of the vile and indigent, the criminals and fugitives of all nations, eager to share in the general plunder, and of conscripts for whose fidelity the lives and fortunes of their parents and friends are responsible. But, however such soldiers may swell the numbers of an army, or even add to its power; however martial their atchievements, or splendid their victories may be, they do not receive the applause of the virtuous, or live in the memory of mankind. For the most part they flourish only to be forgotten; and, having blazed forth with momentary glare to mark the bloody path of murderous war, they sink into eternal gloom with the world's execration upon them. But amongst us is exhibited an object grander and more sublime in itself, and infinitely worthy in its end. We behold a blaze of military ardor suddenly break forth in a nation of traders—a peaceful and commercial people; we behold the flame of patriotism in one breast kindle the fire in another, and the generous enthusiasm extend itself through all classes of men; we see them voluntarily rise up into an army of soldiers, in general, accoutred and maintained at their own charge, and exhibiting, as it were, the birth of a

million of heroes in a day. They are not mercenaries who sell themselves to wield the sword in any cause, or prodigal of life, who rush to meet the death they desire; but men who feel that the cause is emphatically their own, and who voluntarily start up from the lap of affluence, of ease, or comfort, to assume the weapons of war, to pant and toil in battle, and cheerfully devote themselves to the hardships and chances of the field;—men, who forego the stations and advantages which generally make us niggards of life, boldly to adventure themselves in the service and preservation of the state against the ravagers of fields, and desolators of kingdoms. They take not up the sword to injure, but to protect; not to destroy the liberties of others, but to preserve their own; not to plunder or massacre the defenceless, but to save them from rapacity and blood. With these pre-eminent distinctions, the British volunteers cannot fail to be the darlings of fame; and history will love to hand them down to the admiration of future ages. And why? To the most uncommon display of military pageant and martial ardour, they add the noblest and purest of motives—the cause of justice, of man, and their own independence. If we ask for the spring which has set this vast machine in motion, the answer is, our lives and liberties are endangered by the hostile preparations of our enemies to invade and enslave our country. Nor is the cause any way too weak for the effect. The love of life and liberty is the lever of Archimedes, which, having found a fulcrum in the hearts of men, is able to raise a world. Slavery is

the thief which robs nature of beauty, and life of joy; whilst freedom is the charm which gives to all things the smile of delight, and makes life, under all circumstances, tolerable. Why did the Swiss so lately glory in their barren mountains? They were free. Why do they now behold them with a sigh; why turn their backs on their beloved country, and lothe their very being? Alas! liberty is no more a resident there; she no more belongs to them. She has forsaken her dwelling in their hills of storms, no longer softens the flinty rocks to their feet, or binds their brows with the wild flowers of the heath: she no longer cheers their toil, or blesses their frugal board with her heavenly smiles. Can a nation be easily enslaved, where every man is a patriot, and every patriot a soldier? The profession of arms becomes more than ever dignified, and the soldier invincible in the cause of his country, since the sword is sanctified which is drawn in her defence, and he ennobled who wields it manfully in the day of battle. Indeed, the most brilliant feats which mark the pages of history, have been atchieved under the influence of this cause; feats of prowess in battle, which humanity herself loves to contemplate. For all ages have had their patriot bands, their chosen few, who fought to preserve, and scorned to survive their country; though too often they have shone only to illumine, not to fire the hearts of their countrymen, and extorted their praise without exciting their imitation. Within our own memory, the patriots of Poland arose terrible in arms to resist the unjust partition of their country by foreign powers; but they fell unsuccessful, for want of

that universal spirit of association, that unity and complete organization, that universally active principle of zealous attachment to freedom which we display. Their cause was, indeed, the cause of liberty and independence; but it was a liberty and independence which the great bulk of the nation had never felt, and the value of which they knew not therefore how to appreciate. The patriots of Helvetia too made a faint struggle to preserve the freedom which Tell bequeathed to them, but in vain: they had fatally admitted the vipers into their bosoms, and drank deeply of the poison by which they were undone. But here we see a whole nation of freemen formed into one great patriot army; undebased by the venom which deadens, and the shackles which confine the faculties of man; an army, comprising the pride of our nobility, the richest of our merchants, and the flower of our youth, with all the sweet charities of life and their possessions to defend, and souls that dare to defend them at the utmost hazard; an army possessing every motive to unity, every excitement to valour, and every promise of victory. In childhood they were taught to cry, "Old England for ever!" and as they grew up into manhood, a thousand obligations confirmed the love of their country. Many of them have fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, relations and friends; all have some sweet affection in life to cherish; and to preserve them from the savage hand of murderous invaders are they now assembled in arms. In the language of my motto, the universal cry, the universal effort is towards the safety of the state,

How delightful it is to see a whole nation rise in arms in the common cause, and lose all private considerations in their zeal to advance the public good: the philosopher contemplates them with complacency, and the patriot with rapture. Even the philanthropist invokes a blessing on their weapons, and smiles through his tears to see that the iron hand of war has not only girded with swords the foes of man to destroy, but also the friends of man to save from destruction; and, when it is considered that a nation marked out for prey, and threatened with invasion by a bold and mighty enemy, is of all others a spectacle most interesting and awful, the heroic actions and magnificent deeds of kings and conquerors sink in the estimation, when compared with the hostile fronts of these five hundred thousand of her sons, resolved to preserve her free, or perish with her. When it is considered also, that the eyes of the world are upon them, and that they are the champions not only of their own, but of the general independence of Europe and of man, I cannot conceive any thing beyond to heighten or dignify the picture. Methinks every heart must applaud them, and every tongue put up a prayer for their success. To them look up for protection, the young, the old, the weak, and the infirm, the wives of their bosoms, and the children of their loins; and, I trust, the appeal will not be in vain, but that heaven will assist them in this cause of justice, their own independence, and of man. Let their enemies tremble, but let their friends rejoice at the numbers and spirit of their champions; for such must surely be invincible, and

will receive as their due the meed of victory. To them shall the chorus of praise arise, and for ever shall they live in the remembrance of Britain. Aftertimes shall look back to their existence as the revived era of patriotism and ancient virtue, and the vices and follies of the day be forgotten or overlooked in the contemplation of their glory. The historian, when he comes to narrate of them, shall plume his wings afresh, and address himself with collected powers to the task. He shall tell of their numbers, their strength, their enthusiasm, their free and devoted sacrifice of themselves for the public weal, their generous contempt of gain, and patient endurance of fatigue; and he will hold up their example to the imitation of mankind.

"For sweet is the breath of fame, sweet the praises of the hero, and sweet the minstrel's song, which bears his deeds of valour down to the latest times. Noble is the monument of the patriot entombed in their hearts, whom his valour has saved, and sacred his grave bedewed with the grateful tears of his country."

F.

*The Critique on the New Piece of Cinderella is unavoidably postponed until the next Number.*

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

NUMBER XIX. *Saturday, 14th Jan.* 1804.

## CRITIQUE ON THE ENTERTAINMENT OF CINDERELLA, &c. &c.

I DO not entertain the opinion that there is not any thing that deserves notice but great and mighty matters, and that in the mention of the drama, a farce, or a pantomime, is below criticism; I am of opinion, that every thing which is good of its kind, should be preserved; a mite is acceptable in the work of charity, and in that of truth or morality the humblest attempt to uphold virtue, and to correct the heart, has its value in proportion as it serves to assist the great cause of humanity, and to add up something more in the sum of *good* to man. In the present depraved state of morals and taste, even a pantomime may serve to refresh the memory, and bring the old-fashioned lessons we received in childhood to our recollection, to make us continue to be pleased with virtue, and in love with the unalterable character of truth. I shall, therefore, upon

these grounds detail the performance of the new piece called CINDERELLA, or the Glass Slipper; and first, of the plot. The goddess Venus, and the little god Cupid, who certainly make themselves as busy with mortals as any of the other deities, be they who they may, are represented as desirous to enslave a young handsome prince in the toils of virtuous love, and a great deal of consultation is held in heaven (and a very beautiful place heaven is represented to be): at this consultation, Venus decides upon the proper object for the prince's love; and by her extraordinary judgment in such affairs, finds her out in the person of the unhappy Cinderella, who suffers every thing disgraceful from the cruelty and contempt of her two sisters, who do not altogether vary in the features of character from many fine ladies of the present day. Poor Cinderella is kept in the kitchen to do the domestic duties of a servant; a man is also kept, and, at the commands of his mistress, his duty is to domineer over, and to perplex the unfortunate Cinderella; a middle character, known also in common life, where ignorance assumes fresh arrogance upon derived consequence, and oppresses and insults the weak. Not so this honest fellow, who seeks opportunities to comfort the debased and distrest Cinderella; and, as it not unfrequently happens in real life, an apparently trifling incident leads to a great event. A poor beggar boy, attended by his mother, comes to the door of the two sisters, but are rejected with scorn; for the ladies are invited to the ball to be given by the young prince, and pride and vanity occupy their minds. The poor beggar boy,

who is, in fact, Cupid, attended by one of the companions of Venus, having been turned out of the upper room, visits the kitchen, and there ask food of the humble Cinderella. Here nature prevails, and, affectionate to the poor, she divides with them her scanty meal, supplied her by the honest attendant: the moral, which effects so much in the original story upon the young mind, now begins to appear, and the heart beats with the delightful impulse attending the contemplation of a kind and good action. She gives—and she receives a reward she did not expect; and she who was insultingly refused a ticket for the ball by her sisters, is invited to it by Cupid, who assumes the dress of the prince's page. A pumpkin becomes changed into a magnificent car, and some mice let out of a trap are transformed into six handsome ponies; absurd as this may appear to a cold and torpid spectator, it certainly does awaken in the sensible mind lively impressions of the success of good intentions, attended with a glow of triumph on the side of virtue, Cinderella receives, however, a charge to quit the ball before the hour of twelve; from which this moral may be drawn—that we can only indulge pleasure with safety while we use it with discretion. At the ball, Cinderella is not known by her flaunty sisters; but she occupies the sole attention of the prince, becomes his partner, and is seated by his side—a true emblem of vicissitude in life. The time now advances fast to the limited hour, but love (and the idea has much *naivetè* and beauty) manages to put back the hand of the dial. Inexorable Time, however, rectifies the mistake, and

in the midst of the dance Cinderella listens to the hour striking twelve. In trepidation and despair she hears the last stroke of the bell, but too late; her fine dress in an instant becomes the homely garb of the kitchen maid, and her poor honest attendant, who had been adorned also, by the magic of the goddess, in elegant attire, re-assumes the garb of the serving-man. Cinderella is now recognized by her sisters, and is hustled out of the ball room, leaving behind her a glass slipper; shewing, in a very moral point of view, the punishment of excess, and the mischief of disobedience. The prince, enamoured with the fair stranger who appeared at the ball, now issues an edict, offering his hand to the lady whom the glass slipper should fit. The ascent of Cupid in the planet Venus, which shoots down to receive him, has a charming effect, and keeps up the classical beauties of the piece. The unhappy Cinderella receives forgiveness for her fault, and her honest attendant very opportunely, as he thinks, brings in another pumpkin and another trap of mice, in hopes of another chariot and horses, but he is deceived; and the wholesome old maxim, that an opportunity lost is not to be regained, becomes verified; they have new difficulties to overcome. In the next scene the candidates for the slipper appear, and among the rest the sisters of Cinderella, who experience all the mortifications of presumption. Numerous are the claimants who are dismissed, and, at last, through the persuasion of her faithful attendant, Cinderella appears in her homely garb a candidate for the prize; but she is only hooted at and pushed aside

by her cruel sisters, until the prince comes forward and nobly asserts the right of even the humblest individual to a trial; when, to the great astonishment of all, *the slipper fits*, and she produces the other from her bosom. Cinderella, now in the seat of honour, forgives her oppressors, embraces her sisters, and tastes the true gratification and triumph of modest merit over the circumstances of her former wayward fortune. This may justly be called a speaking pantomime, for it does speak most feelingly to the heart. Very many indeed are the instances of mind in the author, besides the natural beauties of the design, taken from my old friend, Mother Goose, whose little gilt folio is, in my opinion, worth all that *Mirabeau* ever wrote. Genius, truth, and taste are combined in the piece of Cinderella, in a way that can please and delight with real and lasting entertainment,

Much are the proprietors, renters, and managers indebted to Mother Goose, and her *getter up*, for a production that promises to produce so much to the treasury. It would ill become the Man in the Moon to pass over in silence the just discrimination of character in the acting of Miss De Camp; it is chaste and natural, and the modesty of the depreciated Cinderella is admirably preserved throughout the piece. A change of fortune does not puff up with arrogance the mind impressed with truth and virtue, nor does the elegant manners of this excellent comedian in the last act make us believe that Cinderella is another person.

I shall just add a few words that may not be altogether unappropriate to the present subject. I shall speak of that management of theatres which has nearly destroyed the desire of many writers to produce pieces, from the extreme difficulty of notice from, or access to, a manager. It is the habit of those gentlemen to ask authors who have produced pieces, (and perhaps some very flimsy ones,) to *give them something for the season;* and the consequence is, that the favourite play writer is presently delivered of a lump of improbability, which he licks into a little shape, and carries in his pocket to the stage door, where any thing from Mr. *Addle* is received: perhaps the thing may be damned, and most likely it ought. The excuse of a manager is, that it is impossible to read all the pieces that are sent to a theatre; however, the fact is, that the *indolent abilities* of those gentlemen will not allow them to read and judge the work of a stranger. I recollect an anecdote of an author, who, some time ago, wrote a comedy which he thought would be acceptable. It was sent in the usual way to the theatre, and it came back with the usual negative. The author did not despair; he happened to know a lady of high fashion who knew the manager; she promised to patronize the thing, and, what is somewhat uncommon among those people, kept her promise. The manager read, and approved, and the author received a letter to see him. The manager suggested only a few alterations, and the characters were cast for the performers. Now it happened, in conversation, that the author candidly told the manager, that the

same piece had been sent to him before, and rejected; the answer was—"Why, sir, we cannot read every thing, unless we know the author, or have it recommended to us." I would, however, wish to *teach* managers to *read*. It is a duty they owe the public, and a matter of business to judge of every thing sent them. Merit might then find an easier access, and the public better pieces.

It is remarkable that the same analogy of weak judgment pervades in the highest and lowest offices of the kingdom; genius and merit were never more obscured than in the present times; the brilliancy of the nation is lost, and a like poverty may be observed of talent and taste. It is true, that authors live much better than they did; that is, they receive money regularly from booksellers, like law stationers hackney writers, at so much a sheet; and, like them, the more they can write in a day the better; the matter does not so much signify, for one thing can be just as well subscribed off as another in these days: yet they remain *poor* authors; only their poverty now appears through their works, instead of through the medium of a thread-bare coat. When will the quackery so much practised have its end? When will genius stand no more in need of the assistances of literary fraud to recommend it? This subject, by a very natural chain of ideas, brings to my recollection the *real* merit of the much neglected Dibd-n, who has entertained us with poetry full of spirit, character, moral, and truth; until spirit, character, moral, and truth have palled upon the public appetite. I attribute this torpidity (I had nearly

said stupidity) of the town to a disease, otherwise it could not triumph so long over the constitution of the British understanding. In a former Number, I hinted at the desertion of the town from the temple of genius and taste, where the above author has so long presided. If it may have inclined some to think of the injustice which may be done to merit by leaving it *a l'abandon* after good service in the cause of morals, I shall be satisfied; for I do not wish to carp at the public generosity; it is manifested on many occasions. I only take the part of a brother who has deserved well of society; because he has discriminated just and noble sentiments of charity, love, loyalty, and truth, and given to the common mind humane dispositions that will long be found to act upon society. z.

N. B. A sage and learned student in *optimism*, having discovered, after a painful investigation of fifty years, that "the best of all worlds" is no other than the world of the *Moon;* hereby recommends Mons. *Garnerin*, and all other experienced aeronauts, to commence a voyage thither with all possible dispatch; assuring them, *that when they arrive in the sphere of the moon's attraction*, the rich country of El Dorado will lie directly before them, and the Man in the Moon will be ready to be their interpreter.

PANGLOSS.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

" He is fool, and ever shall,
" Who writes his name against a wall."

NUMBER XX. *Wednesday, 18th Jan.* 1804.

IT may easily be discovered in what the good sense of the above old saying consists. It is most probably meant to mark the folly of people exposing themselves and their affairs unnecessarily. An appeal to the public is, perhaps, the very worst of all appeals; every man is in that case an arbitrator; and so numerous, so fanciful, and so opiniated are their awards, that there is no getting at a true decision.

The above observations occur from recent matters which have been laid before the board of the public attention. The first in the affair of a distinguished personage, of whose military merits and courage no one ever doubted; and yet this person, exalted as he was, inconsiderately begged of a parcel of ignoramuses, who knew nothing of the matter, that merit and courage might be allowed him; but it is reasonable to think that this illustrious character, whose accomplished mind and manners are, perhaps, unequalled, wished to shew forth to the public, in the present dearth of genius, some polished epistolary pro-

ductions, with the answers; not as *autographs* to shew the comparison of hands, but as specimens to mark the comparison of minds, and the differences of style; the pure, the dull, the clear, and the obscure; besides the information it gave to the public of the superiority of great men's writings over the *epistolæ obscurorum virorum.*

Another instance of useless and unnecessary publicity is in the defence of the life and character of a deceased nobleman, whose virtues will long appear in bricks and mortar, and whose generosity was well known, since he gave food to thousands of workmen whom he was obliged to employ to build numerous streets and squares. Why should any dare to find fault with a great man for paying his people on a Sunday, (even if it were true,) when so many great men do not pay their people at all; and why should *all the* virtues of the patriarchs be expected in the peerage, when the peerage is so numerous that the thing must be distributed among them, to make it hold out. One cannot, therefore, expect much worth in a single peer, any more than much talent; they are possessions that do not *go* with the title. However, the present question ought not to have been started; it is a *grave* argument, and the sooner it is buried in silence the better. To publish an affair, is to invite every body to read, and every blockhead to judge. What does it matter if a good character is vilified, every one has his own world, clear of the mass of society. "Mine," cried Decius, "is a few men of worth and talent; I am

glad that I am ill treated by strangers, it will make me stay at home with my friends." A traveller upon the road must expect to be abused; some will say that he is a gentleman, and others that he is a highwayman: after all it amounts to nothing; a man's heart is the sitting magistrate, who best knows the truth of the evidence. A certain military character having been subjected to some severe but unjust reflections upon his conduct, desired to be tried by a court martial, which was granted him; when the same enemies, who had propagated the reports, stretched their evidence to a sufficient extent to occasion the court to sentence him to a reprimand. A friend afterwards asked him why he had brought the disgrace upon himself by demanding a court martial? "Because" (answered he) "I did not know that I was guilty." It is, perhaps, the best and safest way for the man of integrity, who has the injuries of injustice to complain of, not cognizable by the laws of his country, to trust to the strength of his own character, which will support him through the trial, and, at length, expose falsehood. A few, indeed, may entertain false opinions from false representations; but the good man, attacked by calumny, remains as immoveable as a strong fortress upon a rock, to shew the weakness of the power that assails him; it is then that his enemy is compelled to raise the siege with the loss of his ammunition.

It not unfrequently happens, through the strength of truth, that the modest person has the power to

dismay the most impudent assailant. A mild, inoffensive man had one day, at table, endured with a great deal of patience the severe jokes of a wit (of no very good character,) who had amused himself and the party at his expence, one of the company asked the quiet man why he did not reply to the other's animadversions? "Because" (answered he) "I have too much charity." And a still keener reply was made some years ago by a poor Irish barrister, who did not always come into court properly drest. The judge, who was suspected of being not the most pure upon the bench, one day took notice of this want of propriety in the following words:—"My dear Mr. Macgragh, I am sorry to see that you come into court with such a dirty shirt."—"Faith, I am very sorry for it too," (replied the barrister,) "but, though my shirt is dirty, if your lordship will look (holding up both his hands) you will see that my hands are *clane*." The truth is, that it matters very little what people say of a man, it is what the man feels that he can say of himself. Fame frequently bestows her prizes unjustly, and often takes them away without a cause; which mutability of her character gave occasion to the bon mot of a wit and epicure of the present day, who having listened some time to a conversation upon the tongue of fair report, said, "Why, for my part, I prefer a neat's tongue; the flavour is as good, and it keeps much longer."

It is unpleasant to the feelings of a humane man to hear, in our courts of justice, the torrents of abuse opened by the counsel, making a wreck of reputation,

and sinking character for ever. Ill advised are parties to go to law for trifling matters, since there are almost always faults on both sides; and perhaps, for some paltry consideration, they become publicly posted up as knaves or blockheads in the truest sense of my motto, and, it may be, with the additional satisfaction of each having his own costs to pay.

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'DEAR SIR,

"I am one of those unhappy people whose whole life has been a constant scene of interruption; I was impeded coming into the world by the difficult labour of my mother, and in my growth by the bad management of my nurse. No sooner was I able to go alone, than I was remarkable for the many tumbles I experienced, and the earliest interruption of my childhood was in running after a bird, when I fell over a broomstick and broke my nose. Numerous were the obstacles to my going to school, from the circumstance of an old woman selling apples and gingerbread exactly in my road; but what, sir, is very extraordinary, as I grew up I found my interruptions increase. I once fell over a wheelbarrow, running after a pretty girl, and into a ditch gaping at a boy's kite; but these are trifles compared to what I have suffered since. In short, every scrape of my life has arisen from interruption, and I do really think that I never seriously determined upon any thing without experiencing an interruption, except when I was going to be married at St. James's church, when the deuce of any thing

occurred to prevent me. Why, sir, I never told a story, or sung a song in my life, without being interrupted; but if it will not take up too much of your time, I will detail some of the most extraordinary of the interruptions I have met with. About eighteen months after my marriage, my wife (for there also had occurred an interruption) proved with child, and at one o'clock in the morning I was awakened to go for a doctor. Nobody could be more active in getting out of bed, but I was a little delayed by the having tied my night-cap in a knot, as I did not wish to go out with it on my head; at last I was disencumbered, sallied forth manfully, and had actually got within a few doors of the doctor's house, in St. Martin's-lane, when I unluckily met a *possè* of the guardians of the night, conducting a poor fellow, who had drunk a little too much, to the watch-house. I could not, for the soul of me, resist following the party, and got locked in with the rest; where I took the part of the prisoner, harangued the constable of the night upon the improper conduct of the watchmen, and actually forgot altogether that my wife was in the pains of labour, until the squeaking of a little child, who just appeared from under the red cloak of a poor woman who had fled there for refuge from the ill usage of a bad husband, reminded me of my dear wife's situation. I made my way out instantly, but lost my shoe in the scuffle, and hopped upon one leg the whole length of St. Martin's-lane, to the door of the accoucheur. At my return, however, I found that my interruption had not at all impeded the affair; as my son, who after-

wards turned out an enterprising lad, had forced his way into the world without the help of a doctor. Soon after this, one night, being awake, I heard the engines driving along the street; well, sir, up I started, and ran out of doors, when, upon enquiry, I found that it was a friend's house which was on fire; away I scampered after the engines, until I fell in with a concourse of people going to the Pantheon masquerade, when I stept into Mrs. Richman's, got a fancy dress, and left my friend's house to burn without any interruption of mine. Another time, having been advertised by a friend that the banker's where I kept my cash was about to fail, I ran out immediately to get my balance, but was interrupted in my way by two little boys fighting, and actually *stopped* to see the battle out, until the house had *stopt* payment. And once, in the former part of my life, as I was going to the Crown and Anchor tavern, I was met by a shabby fellow in the street, who said that he wanted to speak to me. I answered, "Pray, sir, don't interrupt me!" and he replied, "Sir, you must go with me." In short, he was a bailiff, and I was his prisoner; so, instead of the Crown and Anchor tavern, I turned into a lock-up house, where I experienced a great many interruptions from the law before I got out again.

"I believe, my dear sir, that one half of the ills of life proceed from interruption. Temptation and interruption are the two devils that make life such a zig-zag course as it is, resembling what seaman call *traverse sailing*. Happy are those people, in my opi-

nion, who are yet in leading-strings, who are tied to their wives aprons, or who are led by the nose. I dislike these pierres d'achoppment so much, that I shall certainly hang myself with disgust of life, if I am not interrupted.

" I had something else to say; but my wife has just interrupted me by asking a question, and put it out of my head. I shall therefore conclude with requesting that, if it is not too much trouble, you will condescend to give your opinion how a man may go on without interruption, as I think that I shall then become a very steady and consistent character.

" I am, dear sir, your devoted

" PETER PIVOT."

I recommend my correspondent, Mr. Peter Pivot, not to be so easily *turned round.*

Z.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

" Officious Hope still holds the fleeting breath;
" She tells them still—to-morrow will be fair."
HAMMOND.

NUMBER XXI. *Saturday, 21st Jan.* 1804.

" DEAR MR. MAN IN THE MOON,

" EVER since the commencement of your sublunary labours, I have been anxiously expecting that you would do me the honour of a passing nod, or some familiar notice, to distinguish your old relation from the motley crowd. You know well that I am really a native of the moon, and indeed all my acquaintance join in the opinion that I am a *lunatic*. Such being the case, I expected in your new year's review of characters, that I should have cut some figure, especially as I also am an author—but, perhaps, *entre nous*, that is the very reason why you left me out, though I can scarcely think you so very selfish, so mean, and illiberal, as studiously to avoid mention of a brother author, or, deny that there is such an one existing; and when you give your annual review of all the books and men who have appeared before the public in the preceding year, I feel confident that your long list in the newspaper will neither betray envy nor ill-nature,

but be, as it really ought, a true and correct list of all that has appeared in the preceding year.

" Do not imagine, sir, that I suspect your integrity, I believe you ' superior to every thing that is mean,' I only wish that you may not be corrupted by bad example (be not offended—recollect the angels fell,) and that the imposing air of popularity may not blind you to the tricks of craftiness, and the finesse of the narrow minded.

" These observations I beg you accept, as a Christmas box, (old stile,) and trifling acknowledgment in return for your New-year's gift, which, I assure you, I prize very highly: and as your lottery of public characters for the present year is now drawing, I trust you will excuse my vanity in wishing to have a share in it—nay, in even being put into the wheel as a prize for the lovely females of nineteen or twenty to speculate for. The description might run thus:—

" Jack Giddy, is a young man between the ages of twenty and thirty; whether he was born to good hopes or the contrary is not easy to determine, for though he is the eldest son of a country gentleman, yet his father has treated him unkindly from his birth. The rope end and dog-whip were his earliest acquaintances, and those who stuck closer than a brother, whether Jack liked them or no was very immaterial, but on every *faux pas* of childhood, the one or the other constantly made their appearance; never praised when right,

and always chastised when wrong, stripes became so familiar, and his disposition so completely soured, that he grew regardless of his conduct, and never feeling 'the pleasure of pleasing,' his mind, the elasticity of which was not subdued by severity, sought for and found consolation in retaliating the injuries that he suffered upon those who committed them.

"His brother, being a tell tale kind of a boy, a little hypocritical, and a little knavish, always took care to make all the mischief he could, and lay every accident on poor Jack whose denial went for nothing: such being the case, Jack determined to keep his own counsel, and never affirm or deny any thing, endeavouring, as far as he was able, to give a Rowland for an Oliver. His resentments were generally levelled at the pocket, for cruelty had no share in his disposition. The windows were broken, the cattle turned into the lanes, the hogs driven into the kitchen and flower gardens, the ripe fruit shook from the trees, and the poultry put into the barn. One day, when Jack had been punished for what, in his estimate of right and wrong, did not amount to a punishable offence, his father ordered him to be confined in the cellar without food until the next day. What energies will not the untamed spirit even of a child call forth? and what will he not dare when wronged?—Few, I dare say, will guess at Jack's expedient; why he took the cock out of every barrel of beer and ale, and when the servant was sent to draw some for supper, he found Jack up to the ancles in malt liquor; but not a drop was left

in any of the casks. This crime, as might be expected, procured a second drubbing, but without effect; for being confined in the coal cellar, which he could not contrive to set on fire, he managed to get out through the trap door, and doing several mischievous tricks, secreted himself for three days in a neighbour's house. During this time a pretty uproar was created; every pond in the neighbourhood was dragged, and those persons who knew the cruelty with which Jack had been treated, even went so far as to insinuate that his father had killed him by beating. At length the lost boy appeared, and went home as unconcerned as though nothing had happened. His mother, with whom Jack was always a favourite, was ready to die with joy, and his father was scarcely less pleased at being relieved from the stigma which slander had thrown upon his character, and on that account forgave all that had passed. Now it is evident that there were faults on both sides; the son was too like the father, and seemed to acknowledge a wrong when he had not committed one, or even of saying "Forgive me, and I'll do so no more." This was a language which Jack was a stranger to; yet if he had submitted occasionally, even to a wrong, he would certainly have conciliated the affections of his parent; but however he jogged on without, and being of course soon driven from home, he plunged into those dissipations which his finances permitted. He had ever been fond of books, and fond of writing, which often solaced him under the reflection that he was obnoxious to a father's anger.

"It must not be omitted, that he gave the preference to female company; indeed, he is a general favourite of the ladies, who find in Jack all the careless good nature, and suavity of manners, that is requisite to a good companion; he enters into conversation with a gaiety which surprises those who know what he has suffered, and chats on every subject as far as he understands it, without affectation; for he has skimmed the circle of general knowledge, and is seldom at a loss in conversation. His friendships are always warm and generally lasting; his purse is the property of his friend, and the unfortunate; and he not unfrequently suffers pecuniary inconvenience to relieve his friend from it. This conduct, as he is wanting in precaution, and seldom discriminates between real friends, and those who appear only to be so, has plunged him into difficulties and embarrassments of the most distressing nature. In a word, if the voice of want assails his ear, he is unable to fly from it, considering that while he is coolly ascertaining the measure of their distress they might perish. Yet, with all this humanity, there is not a soul breathing that possesses more pride than Jack Giddy, and so many other peculiarites, that, take him all together, he is one of the strangest compounds that can wear the face of humanity, as will be perceived when we finish this outline sketch of an odd fellow's character.

"JACK GIDDY."

If it were not that we are flattered through life with continual fresh prospects and lively hopes, dull and heavy indeed would be the road; happily we are no sooner vexed or disappointed at any thing, but in the common course of incidents we have, by the turn of a few hours, some new hope or expectation to refresh and enliven us, keeping us in temper with the uphill journey of life. Satisfaction does not even close the scene upon us; satisfaction is the end of hope; yet not the end, since from her maturities fresh prospects rise yet more pleasant to look to; she gives us all we ask and promises us more; nor has the man any reason to be depressed, who has met with a train of disappointments; he who awaits vicissitude with good humour plays but at hazard, at which, however for a time the run of luck may be against him, he is sure one day or other to get a game. Equally useless and unnecessary is it to give way to too great a share of reflection upon the past; after thoughts are of little value, and regret a tormenting fiend, who will never let us be enough at ease to put things to rights. Reflection is only necessary to bring before us past experiences, and then it is of noble service to the mind, which, to act properly in life, should be free from the disorders of despair and dejection, which enslave the best intentions and endeavours, and render us unfit even for good fortune. Happy are those characters who grow from experience better in mind and judgment, without melancholy retrospects and unavailing chagrin. I shall give my readers a description of one of the last characters, as a good lesson for the road so

many are destined to travel; it is in the following lines:—

When I set out in life with gee ho! gee ho!
I car'd not how eager my hobby would go;
I mounted my nag e'er the steed was broke in,
And oft though she threw me, I mounted again.

Now, firm in my saddle, I gallop'd all day,
Nor car'd for a gate, though it came in my way;
Quite careless and easy I leapt over all,
Till the filly, call'd Fortune, gave me a fall.

I recover'd my seat, and to prove I was game,
Still gallop'd the jade, till I found she was lame;
Till at last, with Experience, I thought I'd get down,
So dismounted my hobby and walk'd thro' the town.

At last we put up at an inn in our way,
Where trav'llers but seldom are tempted to stay,
Their objections, however, shall never be mine,
The house was a good one, Contentment the sign.

The hostess assur'd me, the comforts of life
Were none of them wanting—not even a wife;
So my nag to the stables by Reason was led,
And the hostess and I went together to bed.

Such is the traveller, who laugh and joke, and frolic along the road, who can stand the rough of all weathers, because he is not afraid of spoiling a fine coat, or catching cold with the showers and hail storms which will at times assail him; he canters on, and is sure, if he chuses, to find the inn if he only looks for the sign.

Perhaps the more sensible and delicate minds, who delight in the luxuries of the imagination, and who appear actually to disdain contentment, may find en-

joyment in the contemplations of coming good, until the hours of time shall have run out, like the man who never ceas'd to believe, during sixty years, that he should, one day or other, *ride in a coach and six*. The following stanzas may not be unacceptable to such.

TO HOPE.

Gentle goddess! spare an hour,
Assist me with thy sov'reign aid;
Heal with thy mild benignant power
The wounds by adverse fortune made.

Sit here with me, with me retreat,
On thy soft bosom let me rest;
Tell me still, that life is sweet,
Tell me still, I shall be blest.

Then smiling in the face of care,
Promise pleasure, paint success;
Still bid me never to despair,
With thy gay charms my fancy dress.

Paint my chariot rolling by
The friends by adverse fortune tried;
Paint respect, attendance nigh
To level them and raise my pride.

Thus, gentle Hope can charm awhile!
What if we wake in Fortune's pow'r,
She can the goddess oft beguile,
And, smiling, cheat her of an hour.

Z.

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

" I'll carry no more sticks for ye."
CALIBAN, SHAK. TEMPEST.

NUMBER XXII. *Saturday, 28th Jan.* 1804.

I PREPARE to record the first instance of one of the most eminent of the pleaders answering a case without a fee, and I think of it with all that *astonishment* of respect which never fails to confound the vulgar in their apprehension of things. Previously however to a consideration of the opinion of Mr. Erskine on the Volunteer establishment, I shall first endeavour to appreciate justly the moral, religious, and political character of a volunteer. A volunteer is a man who steps forth in the hour of necessity to defend his country, his king, his possessions, and to watch the safety and repose of his domestic family; such a man has the most lively affectionate impressions, aided by the strongest reasoning, to engage him in so honourable a service; his cause is so just against an invader, that he is rendered almost invincible by the pureness of motive which brings him into the field. Prowess is the effect of unsullied honour working in the mind, which never fails to produce acts of valour. I believe that, originally, many became volunteers that they might

wear fine regimentals, and parade the streets in them. These holiday soldiers did not, however, continue long in that state of military uselessness; they were, in the present armament, called to a severe attention to duty, and the practice of the manual exercise, that put an end to all trifling: some few, doubtless, finding that soldiering was no longer play, but work, sent in resignations; but these were truly inefficient men, and the sooner they left the ranks the better. The principle which directs and instructs the volunteer, will instruct him that having once engaged to serve, nothing ought to compel him to quit the post of honour but the real incapabilities of ill health, or other imperious circumstances. The severities of discipline should be approved, and held in admiration by the volunteer; he should hold in contempt all effeminacy, and like the true seaman teize and torment the lubber who sculks below deck when all hands are called, and who is generally punished by being what they call *seized up* in the mizen shrouds. Such is the spirit which has made the navy what it is. No petty excuses for a neglect of duty should be acknowledged, much less admitted. A volunteer who abandons his country in the hour of danger is a weak, dastardly poltroon, and resembles the landsman recorded, I believe, in the excellent work of Joe Miller, who being in a gale of wind, applied to the captain for his discharge. His messmate asked him if he was *sea sick?* "No," returned another of these brave fellows, "He is not sea sick, he is only *sick of the sea.*" Of the same character are such volunteers (if there are any

such) who having taken to arms would, on the approach of the enemy, wish to take to their legs.

The mind required to make a soldier or a seaman, should be composed of the rough materials of genuine hardihood and spirit, capable of deriding danger and of disdaining fatigue; but the lessons of service ought to have been taken from the regular troops, whose veteran officers could have improved the volunteer force to a high degree of perfection, that might have made them invulnerable to any attacks from a foreign foe.

The severe exaction of penalties from men whose desire it is to perform their engagements, is harsh and impolitic, and it has been entirely owing to injudicious magistracy that the question of the right of volunteers to resign has arisen. Why disturb the goodwill of the volunteers with doubts of the grace and honour (to use the elegant diction of Mr. Erskine) of their character. Men always endeavour strenuously to act up to the favourable opinion entertained of them by the world.

The distinctions drawn between the volunteer corps, the militia, and the army of reserve, with their several exemptions and liabilities, seem to decide the great question of the right of a volunteer to resign, and to settle it, that he has, since if he goes out of the corps he had engaged in, he takes *nothing by the motion*, or rather indeed has costs to pay, for he becomes liable to serve in the militia, or to find a substitute if he cannot serve. The act of the forty-second of

the present king, c. 66, contains the exemption of the volunteers from the militia, and their liability to serve therein if they discontinue the volunteer service; so that the fact is, and it is as it ought to be, that one way or other value is given to the state either in personal service, as in the feudal times, or else in money, which produces personal service from others. The ends of the country are either way answered. Perhaps it may be objected that continual desertions would arise from the permission to resign, which would be fatal to the progress and completion of the volunteer corps. It is impossible to say what may be the effect now that they have been compelled to try the right to resign, by the process commenced against them, and the penalties exacted which have awakened in their breasts a doubt as to the justice of those decisions. The old proverb, *Let well alone*, is finely adapted to the subject; nothing could go on better than the volunteer system; the spirit of patriotism was raised in the country, armed cap-a-pie, and had swelled its enormous bulk to a size that would have terrified an invading host. And yet some *little men* of POWER must needs punish with rigour MEN who would have continued to serve, if they could have done so, without endangering their healths, or being subjected to ruin from the nature of their occupations forbidding them to engage in other pursuits, and who must have paid for their dereliction; the rest were, perhaps, "rascals, renegades, the scum of Britons, whose space would be better supplied when they had made it empty."

It is unfortunate that the question of the right of volunteers to resign should have been started at this moment, and were it not that I believe that that part of the soldiery serve from principle, I should be seriously alarmed at the consequences of the *knowledge* given them by Mr. Erskine. I know that the fine sense and discrimination of that great lawyer, the orb of whose eye appears to contain the whole subject of his thoughts, and whose wonderful powers of celerity of association and combination of ideas bring him at once to the truth, will readily say:—"Why, if the volunteers consider themselves entrapped into a measure of service never accepted or agreed to by them, should they not be told what is the fact?" I know that if all of them were capable of judging of the moral and honourable nature of their engagements to the service, there would be but little to apprehend from their becoming lawyers; but Mr. Erskine, in his great knowledge of the human heart, and of human life and manners, knows very well how many a man there is who would avoid paying a just debt, if he were acquainted with the statute of limitations, the want of notice as an indorser, and numerous other nice points of law; and how many a man would defend just and honourable demands, and crowd our courts with unconscientious defences.

After all, the solution of the problem is, that weak and inefficient are the objects of compulsory service; and instead of fine, free, brave, and independent troops of volunteers, compulsion would create such wretched beings only as are denominated in the navy, "the

king's hard bargains," if it were not that they do not eat and drink at his expence.

But the honour of the volunteers is yet unsullied; it is not petty differences and nice distinctions that can affect the general character of those troops. The true policy would have been to have let all the disaffected, or discontented, have turned out. A captain of the navy, on some of his ship's company shewing a disposition to mutiny, because they wanted to go on shore, had all hands called, produced the muster books, and *threatened* to put the *R** against the name of any man who did not immediately return to his duty—not one left the ship. Such should have been the high conduct of administration, and the volunteer system would never have been weakened.

The Man in the Moon has now to notice a dangerous epidemic, which seems to threaten the health of a great many minds throughout the kingdom of England, and to produce the re-establishment of ghosts and goblins; dreams are already re-invested with all their powers, and a certain lady has proved that there is no contending against their influence. There is a vanity in many people to permit mischief for the gratification of saying "my dream is out;" and so as a thing is *very remarkable*, or *very wonderful*, it is a compensation for all that happens. We are, however, in some measure, obliged to these extraordinary personages, whose life, character, and behaviour entertain

* Signifying run.

the town with their surprising feats, and fanciful adventures. If they disturb common sense at all, it only serves to make us set the greater value on domestic quiet and reasonable conduct, to make virtue more admired, and the extravagancies of illicit amour more contemptible. It is deformity opposed to beauty, and the picture is of service to the morals of mankind.

How much, in the present times, are those things neglected which alone can charm and delight the wayward condition of man; the domestic fire side, the walk, the ride, the study, the entertainment of select friends, are utterly forsook for the brilliant excursions of vice and folly; there are certainly numerous fascinations to do wrong—

> "I know the right, and I approve it too,
> "I know the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

But the most dangerous of any inducement is that of example: example colours the thing to our liking, and we become persuaded that there is no harm in it, when, in fact, the thing itself should be alone considered divested of all the dress and ornaments of folly, and the strength of precedent; we should then be able to say this is right, or this is wrong.

But the disposition of mankind to forsake his beneficial interests, unless they are pecuniary, is not new; he is not aware that the chief interest of life is PEACE,

and that there is nothing to be compared with a happy mind; there is not a sacrifice of vice or folly that does not increase the store of happiness. The idle, empty pursuits of dissipation create more than pecuniary difficulties; they sicken and destroy the animal functions, reason becomes impaired, and she yields from habit to accumulating inconsistencies, every one more absurd than the other. It is a misfortune that men of great, and of even good minds, should so easily suffer the encroachments of vice to make the inroads they do upon the understanding against common sense, and against experience; the enchantments of pleasure put a spell upon the man who once adventures too far in her mazes. It is a labyrinth which few are able to extricate themselves from, and requires bold and prompt decision; when once the opening is seen, it will not do to hesitate, for hesitation generally leaves us where we set out. It should be recollected, that weakness and wickedness are nearly allied to each other.

Z.

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*The Editor of the Man in the Moon respectfully acquaints the Public, that it will be published in future only once a week, viz. every Saturday.*

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

" BENIGNÈ."

NUMBER XXIII. *Saturday, 4th Feb.* 1804.

" MR. MAN IN THE MOON,

" I AM one of those eccentric beings who do not altogether decide upon the question of *right* and *wrong*, on the principles of logic. I am weak enough to acknowledge that I allow of other forcible impressions, and derive much of my happiness from sensibility, which at times supplies me with numerous sources of gratification and delight through the incidental occurrences of life. I hope, nevertheless, that the oddity of my thoughts will not even offend the philosophy of the present day. I am sure modern philosophy will reject my propositions; but let it examine the premises engraven on the human heart, before it ventures to do it. I ask it to be allowed me, that the innumerable creatures of creation, induce the necessity of a CREATOR; and if this is allowed me, perhaps my opinions may not appear altogether so extravagant. Charity would open her arms still wider to embrace not only man in his comparative situations in life,

but the whole of animal creation would feel her endearments in a larger degree were men less lordly and independent. I know very well that with those who do not feel any thing, all that I can say will amount to nothing; with those who can feel the situations of their fellow creatures my arguments may have some weight. I am of opinion, that in the great scale of the universe, where not a sparrow falls to the ground without divine notice, the brute creation holds a much higher rank than is generally imagined, and that each individual of its myriads has its individual *rights* and *privileges*. I have frequently occasion to contemplate, with wonder, how it is that charity and mercy have found the footing they have done in the world, against the selfishness, the meanness, and the worldly interests of man. Now and then, among us, charity appears like the star of Bethlehem, as if to show where the mild virtues of the Mediator may yet be found.

" It must be understood when I speak of charity, I do not altogether mean that species of it which prompts us to assist with our money the poor, or involved. To spare from severe crimination, from harsh rebuke, from ridicule, from disgrace, are charities of the first order. It is much the same whether we see a fellow creature in sorrow from the distresses of poverty, or from the cruelty of crimination, rebuke, ridicule, or disgrace, and it is a noble charity to snatch the object from the persecutor. Such are the things which, I believe, will reconcile us to the Deity for the crimes we commit hourly against him through our own

frailties and infirmities; and if that charity extends to the wretched animal, the poor domestic cat, who has, perhaps, enjoyed the indulgences of its master by a comfortable fire side, but who is now hunted by a set of mischievous boys, it is delightful to succour and relieve it. I have frequently noticed my old friend, Jack Glow-worm, pursuing the little offenders without his hat, until he has taken one of them into custody; and then the same mercy which operated to save the cat, began to work to spare the boy, who only received from him a lecture on humanity; which, perhaps, made him, when he grew up, a much better man than all he had ever learnt at school. But what is the next object? a noble horse suffering under the blows of a senseless carman, inflicted with the but end of his whip on the poor honest face of the animal. Jack Glow-worm where are you? Methinks I see your powerful muscular arm raised up to prevent the blows, or in this case employed to fell the lusty tyrant to the ground. Well done, honest Jack! I like these interferences, they delight me; and let the day be fair or foul, or its occurrences lucky or cross, it is the same thing; I dance home as pleased as Punch.

" It is curious and worthy of observation that, according to scriptural authority, the blessings of the relieved, and the curses of the oppressed and injured, are supposed to have had their weight with the Almighty; and is it not unreasonable to believe that the " God bless you," uttered from the mouth of the fellow creature you have delivered, will have its full por-

tion of efficacy; but mercy is not common among men. Man has made laws subservient to the purposes of trade and convenience, which every day involve his fellow creatures in ruin and death. I doubt, nay, I do not doubt, for I maintain that no set of men have a right to take away the life of a brother man for any thing less than murder; or crimes against nature. It is not enough to say that the offender knew the law, the punishment is beyond the crime; the law for which has for its principle the petty pecuniary interests of man, let the culprit be made to restore the loss he has occasioned to the party, or the public, and by labour or imprisonment work out his offence. The principle would then be just, and the image of the Creator be spared. These are the public charities which are wanted to ornament society.

LENIUS."

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" MR. MAN IN THE MOON,

" As I know that you have a regard for the animal creation, I venture to offer this my humble appeal to your humanity. You must first be informed, that I am one of those wretched creatures denominated a post horse; my sufferings have frequently occasioned me to reflect seriously in the stable on the relative conditions of man and beast, but a circumstance which happened lately determined me to present my complaint to you. I think that it was sometime in February last, upon a cold wet winter's day, that I was

ordered out of my stable and put into a stage, which I understood was to take a gentleman to dinner, at his villa about nine miles from town. The day had advanced, and I heard with sorrow the passenger, who was a tall gentleman in black, with hard inflexible features, order the boy to drive as fast as possible. My usual philosophy did not, however, forsake me, I knew that it must be so, and galloped as well as my legs (one of which was a little lame) would let me; every now and then my strenuous endeavours were, however, forced beyond their powers by the cruel exercise of the whip and spur, applied by my driver in conformity with the injunctions of his employer, who fee'd him to make all the haste he could. At last, thank God, we arrived at the elegant mansion belonging to the passenger, when I observed him alight with a pamphlet in his hand, which he had been reading, entitled, THE RIGHTS OF MAN. Without deigning to cast one look at me he ascended the stone steps of his villa, and I was driven to the next inn, where I was put into a stable to wait a return job. Here I vented my tears, and cursed the cruelty of man, when I was interrupted by a stranger; who, I found, had come into the stable to see his own horse fed, he was a man of about forty years of age, with a mild cheerful countenance: I observed, that every now and then he took particular notice of me, and of my condition; upon this encouragement I endeavoured to make myself understood as well as I could, and with this attempt the tears run plentifully down my cheeks; but I was astonished to find that I actually spoke, and in a language which the

stranger understood, for he patted me very kindly on the head, then down the face, and ordered me some more corn. I told him my sufferings as well as I could, and I heard him call the boy, and bid a price for me; the bargain was soon struck, and the gentleman's servant took me home, where I lay on a good bed and slept soundly. The next morning I was turned out into a field of clover, where I had not been long before my new master came to look at me; he had a book in his hand, and sat himself down on a bank near me, when, as I chewed the herbage, I heard him speak as follows:—'Poor creature! thy ribs appear through thy mangled flesh; thou art, indeed, in a woeful condition; and who has had the *right* to misuse thee thus? Man, proud, imperious, unjust man; who makes so much ado about his own *rights*, and can thus cruelly play the despot over the rest of creation. These *impious uncharitable pages* (cried he, looking at the book he held in his hand) shall no longer call upon me to reflect upon their absurd philosophy.

> "Man has no claim to boundless liberty,
> "So great a tyrant ought not to be free."

Yes, there is a necessity for strong laws to bind thy perverse and adverse will. The common coarse, and vulgar mind of man needs the restraints of wholesome and just authorities. The age of reason! what time of his life is it that a man arrives to reason? Is it when he considers himself restrained by the lessons of morality, religion, and nature? is it when humanity pre-

scribes laws to his will and humour? or is it when he is at once set free from religion, and all the authorities of collected reason but his own? If the last must be the state of sense in the country that I live in, let me be a fool; an ignorant, happy fool, enjoying the sentiments of my own heart, unmolested by doubt and mystery, rather than give way to the false fashion of philosophy, which adds nothing to our happiness and subtracts so much. Yes, proud relentless *Man*, brutes have their rights; the horse has his, and beyond reasonable service thou hast no right to use him. Thou wishest to see no tyrant but thyself; but thy proud arrogant heart would swell over every other creature. Thou puttest a bridle upon the horse; but it is thyself who needs the bit, the reins, and the martingale; thou tossest thy head too high; thou runnest away, at times, fired with passion, and frequently thy mulishness of mind needs the whip and spur to keep thee in the right road. Thou hast not been, perhaps, so well broke in by education as the horse; thou wouldst wish to throw every restraint from off thee, and to gallop through the world free and independent. And yet thou art but a poor creature after all! and of the horse and his rider, I believe the horse is generally the most consistent being of the two.'—Such were the reflections of my benefactor, who uttered them with so much application to myself, that I felt more regard for my master, man, than I had ever done before. Alas! my happiness in this state of tranquillity lasted but for a short time; my benefactor died in a few months, and the heir, who, I afterwards heard, at the

instance of my kind master, had promised to take care of me through the remainder of his life, and to permit me to graze in his meadows, forgot the promise, and sold me to a man who replaced me in my former condition of life, and I became once more a post-horse. I had the good fortune, however, to-day to interest the feelings of a man who, I understand is an artist, and a writer of essays, and who came into the stable to draw my figure: he promised very kindly to publish my complaint to the world in your paper of the Man in the Moon. I embraced the opportunity and have ventured to trouble you with the remonstrance of an unhappy

POST HORSE."

*Barnet, Feb. 1st,* 1804.

Z.

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*The Man in the Moon presents his Compliments to Miss Fanny Flutter, and will notice her Letter in his next Paper.*

THE

# MAN IN THE MOON.

"From envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, good Lord deliver us."
LITURGY.

NUMBER XXIV. (Price 4d.) *Saturday, 28th Jan.* 1804.

PERHAPS better service cannot be done to society than to define with truth, and in all its proper colouring, the *beast* denominated in the natural history of mankind, AN ENEMY. This cruel and ferocious animal is of two species, public, and private; the first, prowling like the wolf, and the second, cunning as the serpent, or insidious as the tiger, watching when to spring and destroy. The first, warring openly against society, and criminating without justice or distinction the worthy part of every class; the second, detracting from, or depreciating the talents or virtues of a private individual, or watching with hungry malice the moment of misfortune to feed upon its unhappy victim. What is called a noble enemy (if there can be any thing noble in the character of an enemy) is the foe who fights the armies of another country in arms; but even then, he must have his quarrel just, or he is no other than a robber and a murderer, and when great Powers amuse themselves with war to the detri-

ment of their subjects, from mere political questions of ambition, both parties are the enemies of mankind; but as I do not mean, in this Paper, to enter into the consideration of the greater mischiefs and abuses of the commonwealth, I shall proceed to mark the characters of the public and private enemies, who molest and disturb society, that they may be known and shunned.

The worst public enemy is the man who avowedly scorns and contemns the rights and duties of morality and religion; who encourages, by his example, the weak and credulous to turn aside from the plain wholesome maxims of honest minds, upon which they have hitherto relied, to indulge new and fantastic ideas which only serve to disturb and lessen their happiness. The next public enemy is him who, in the schemes of avarice, grinds and oppresses the poor, destroying the reciprocities of society to secure great advantages to himself, and robbing on the great scale with impunity; while the poor wretch, who steals to the value of half-a-crown, is condemned to death. Another public enemy is the man who, by his love of expence and cruel ostentation, invites hundreds to ruin; who, but for his example, would have lived secure and happy in their own moderate plan of life.

Another dangerous and cruel enemy, fostered by the former character, is fashion, drawing aside, by her absurd fascinations, the quiet passenger of life, by presenting before him the bugbear called DIS-RESPECT.

But to proceed to the next class, or what is called the private enemy, the proper subject of this paper.

The private enemy usually makes his *debut* in the masquerade character of a friend, which, if he is at all clever, he supports very well; he treats his object with attention and respect, ventures a little modest flattery, and mixes up his slow poison in the sweet materials of approbation; seeks opportunities to soothe the discontents, and to do innumerable little kindnesses and services, to the man he has fixed on, whenever the occasion offers. These are the advances; and bad indeed must be the heart which could reject so apparently amiable and interesting a character. At length, the heart is opened, and the kind attentive stranger invited to the full possession of the mansion, even as the owner. It is then that the dark and insidious traitor creeps into every corner of it to detect its weaknesses, for the base purpose of subjugating the powers of the mind which first entertained him, to suit his base and interested purposes. It is then that he begins rather to demand than to ask favours. It is then that he begins to doubt, to question, and to contradict; to try the different effects of a different conduct, and to make successful inroads where to erect the standards of his own consequence in depreciation of his friend; by degrees he gets more into power, and his assumption of it increases till, at length, tired of restraint, he erects at once his crest, perches himself on the materials collected from the good-nature of his patron, and at once becomes ungrateful and offensive. It is then that he

says, I need you no longer; and that he would, *if he* could, betray the interests of the man who had kindly taken him to his heart. Happy for society, though this enemy may, for a time, lurk about in search of victims, he soon meets with his destruction, and from the very means by which he hopes to conquer and destroy. Men, though they may contemn the weaknesses of the betrayed, fear and hate the betrayer; and the insidious assassin of his friend no sooner becomes marked and known, than he is hunted with a general cry of indignation into the same obscure corner from which he had emerged, neglected, and despised.

I believe that the goodness of Providence seldom interferes more greatly than to prevent and destroy the designs of the private enemy, and that it is a proof of any man's having its particular protection when his enemies have no power to succeed against him.

Envy seems to resemble the scorpion, which if confined in the limits of a small circle of live ashes, seeks to enlarge its dominion at all points, till unable to succeed, it at length fixes its own sting within its back, and expires. Hatred dies in much the same way; unable to hurt, it runs, like the swine possessed with the evil spirit to the sea side, and destroys itself. Malice may exist longer, as it may creep insidiously to stab in bye corners; but truth is the sun from which, at length, malice must retire, and then it sickens into a state of corruption that is too offensive to be suffered, and the hideous object is avoided by all.

There are some leading features in the character of this enemy by which, notwithstanding his mask and cloak, he may be known; the principal one is, that in speaking of others he is inconsistent. At one time his reports are favourable, and at another he depreciates from the merits of the very man he had praised before; in short, he blows hot and cold with the same breath. It is always sufficient cause to shun a man if we find he has the habit of speaking ill of another who is not present; and much as you may be entertained with his severities, you may rest assured that you will have also your share the first opportunity. Another feature is, that he is never open and candid, that he sculks, as it were, along a wall, ashamed to look any body in the face; his actions resemble those of a thief, because he is the worst of thieves, seeking to rob and supplant every one he meets. If he gives praise, it is only to introduce some observation that stabs at the same time; it is administering honey and arsenic; and if he flatters you, it is the flattery of the devil, and meant only the better to tempt and deceive.

I shall not dismiss the subject of enemies without describing another species, which is composed of the public and private characters; I mean that of the venal or partial critic, for the effects of venality or undue partiality are alike. Partiality always presumes prejudice, and prejudice is almost always unjust. The unjust critic is at once the private and public enemy of society; he robs honest talent of its due, and enriches the blockhead with the offerings of praise; he

fills the trumpet of fame with fallacious sounds of undeserved panegyric, and leaves the man of merit without his fair proportion of honourable mention. How often does it happen that one of these admirable critics exclaims, I do not know this author; and instead of seeking him where he is to be found, in the pages of his work, takes his character second-hand from some conceited *sucker* of literature, who allows talent to nobody but himself. How different from the just and impartial critic, who snatches from the impertinent group the book of genius, peruses its pages with attention, seeks anxiously for the beauties of truth, nature, character, morals, and design, allows the full measure of merit to the claimant, but honestly disdains to fill up more than he deserves; and at the same time, with liberal and friendly remark and observation, instructs him how he might have succeeded better, and have asked for more of public fame.

Z.

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" DEAR MR. MAN IN MOON,

" Do you know that I am in such a taking—I understand it is your intention to withdraw yourself for a time from us inhabitants of the earth, and I was frightened to death for fear I should not be in time to ask your advice and assistance. You know very well what a flustration we have all been thrown into by Mr. Buonaparte; but as he has stood shilly shally about it so long, I have recovered myself a little. To

be sure I was in a sad flutter, when Captain Biscuit, my cousin Lieutenant Jelly, and Ensign Putty, were called out by a drum beating to arms the other night; but, thank heaven, it was only a neighbour's house on fire, so I turned about and went to sleep again very quietly. Pray, do you think Administration are informed of any thing? and do you imagine if the French come, that they will rack, and ravage, and turn every thing topsyturvy, as the newspapers say? I am sure I would go out to meet them, if I thought they would do any such thing; but to the subject of my letter, for what I have said is a mere preamble. I have noticed that in your papers (I am sorry you have given up writing) you have neglected very much to speak of the tender passion of love, which, as it employs a great many hands and heads in this realm, is rather extraordinary; but, certainly, as you are a profest physician of minds, you ought to be acquainted with the nature of an epidemic that has withstood the power of medicine from age to age, and which bids fair to be farther encouraged by the Vaccine inoculation. You shall know my history presently, though I tremble all over to make the discovery—to be plain, Mr. Man in the Moon, I am afraid that I am in love, and I wish you very much to examine me as to that point. I am, sir, a milliner, and the men tell me, a very pretty one; but I have, besides, a taste for literature, and should like very much to publish a novel, at Lane's. I think that I could write three volumes in a week. You must know, that I lodge in a house where they let one room

next to mine ready furnished, to single men. I wish it had remained empty to this hour. I was sitting very thoughtful, Mr. Man in the Moon, last Friday was three weeks, hemming a pocket handkerchief, and humming "Ye streams that round my prison creep," when I was answered from within the other apartment, by a responsive melody that put me all in a flutter, which sounds were at length succeeded by the music of a flute. I was quite *astounded*, as Milton says, and the cambric handkerchief, which I was hemming, dropt from my fingers ends. I got up from my chair, lost my thimble, had to hunt for my thread paper, and overturned a bason of milk upon the bureau, which I had taken in for tea. Presently I heard no more sweet sounds; but I heard the lock of the young gentleman's room door move, and you may be sure that I was determined to take a peep. I was just in time to observe a smart young man in black, with a handsome face and good figure, descend the stairs. The next day (Sunday) it happened that I saw him coming in at the street door, so I was determined to be going out; the consequence was that we met on the stairs, and he bowed with so much complaisance, that I could not help giving him a smile in return. He usually spends his evenings at home; so the other day my fire somehow or other went out, and I was at a loss for a light—it struck me, that if I knocked at his room door he would have the politeness to give me one; it turned out exactly as I expected, he did so, and he asked me, moreover, to sit down: this put me all in a flutter; but, nevertheless,

I thought it would be unkind to deny him, so I chatted a few minutes, and asked him if he would take a cup of tea with me; he accepted my invitation, and I found him the most engaging creature in the world—so tender, so assiduous, so polite; but I have been very ill, Mr. Man in the Moon, ever since, I have a palpitation at the heart, my pulse beats short and quick, I believe I have a constant fever; I sleep very little, and eat little or nothing; my business too is neglected, and Mrs. Shawl, the fancy dress maker, in Bond-street, my constant employer, is constantly making complaints.

" I should have told you, that Mr. Trot (that is the young gentleman's name) is a banker's out-door clerk, and is also a volunteer. I assure you, he looks very well in his regimentals. He was called out the other night, by a drum beating to arms, and to be sure we all of us in the house, Mrs. Tattle the landlady, Mrs. Fidgit, in the first floor, and Mr. Fag, the reviewer, in the garret, thought that the French were coming; but it turned out to be nothing more than a little boy amusing himself with a Bartholomew fair drum. I am sure I am afraid to go to Bagnigge-wells, or the White-conduit-house with Mr. Trot, for fear he should be wanted at the time upon duty; but I hope, Mr. Man in the Moon, that my fears are groundless. I am, to be sure, fond of seeing Mr. Trot in his regimentals; but then it is walking about with me; and though, perhaps, I should be inclined to follow him to the field, I do not much like the idea

of being mounted up in a baggage waggon. But the question I want most to determine is, Whether I am in love, or not; and if I am, what line of conduct is best to be pursued, as Mr. Trot has never yet (though he looks as if he wished to do it) actually put the question. Pray advise me on these great points before you withdraw your good humoured face from us, and I shall ever remain

"Your obliged humble servant,

"FANNY FLUTTER."

*Sherrard Street, Golden Square.*

Miss Fanny Flutter is certainly in love; whether with the gentleman, or his regimentals, is not quite clear.

As the young gentleman has not asked the lady the question, the lady had better (this being leap-year,) ask it him.

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The Man in the Moon takes leave of his friends and the public with courtesy and esteem, and may, perhaps, at some future day, have the pleasure to chat with them again on the great and lesser politics of the times. Z.

FINIS.

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## ERRATA.

No. I. p. 5, l. 9, for soliary read "solitary."
p. 6, l. 2, for 24,000, read 240,000.
No. XIV. p. 108, l. 14, word 7, add "steak."
p. 109, l. 28, for ascending, read "ascend."
No. XXI. p. 168, l. 9, Sonnet, leave out the word "mild."